

Obey Me

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Obey Me

by [MilkWasTaken](#)

Summary

George is an omega who hates his job but is too broke to quit.

So when he finds himself a Sugar Daddy, who's willing to not only put a roof over his head but will also give him anything he could ever ask for, he feels like he's hit the jackpot in life.

Although he soon finds out these riches comes with rules. Rules which are made to be followed.

He might not be as good at following rules as he is at accepting the punishment that follows when they're broken.

Notes

I don't think I've ever had to put so many tags on one story as with this one- oh and this might also classify as a soulmate au ?? Since basically, I write omega verse with this idea of there being one true mate for every person. Sort of like a soulmate. You can also only mate with one person, and then you're with them for life. A person can't mate with several people.

Okay I also wanna just explain some baselines so do skip all this if you don't wanna hear it ! The story is long and so are these notes lmao

Basically, a true mate just Hits Different than any other alpha or omega. A true mate is the person you were born to be with, but might not even find in your lifetime. And there's only one for each person.

Omeegas and alphas have different ways their bodies and minds reacts to being around their true mate, but it can be summed up as:

Omeegas feel aroused and protected around their true alpha, in a much stronger sense than with any other alpha. During heats, if an omega has met their true alpha they will crave to be mated by them, and that alpha only.

Alphas will feel near aggressively protective over their true omeegas, even before they're mated. They can also sense if their true omega is in distress from miles away.

Both omeegas and alphas will feel their true mate has a better scent than anyone else. One that just Hits Right.

Mating happens through knotting along with a bite to the omega's neck, to show other alphas the omega has been mated.

Okay I think that's abt it, I probably forgot smth but that's just a quick rundown p much ^^

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“I hate my boss.”

Sapnap looked up, hearing the sound of the bell above the door go off as it shut behind George, his best friend, who was walking towards him.

“What happened this time?”

Sapnap mumbled, going back to cleaning the counter in front of him.
Rush hour had just ended and he felt exhausted and ready for his shift to end.

George groaned as he took a seat by the counter, putting his head and hands against it.

The small bell by the door rang again, and a costumer walked in. Sapnap ignored George as he went to serve the person who'd walked in, taking their order before getting on with making it.

“Sapnap.”

George groaned, annoyed by the fact that Sapnap left him to serve the costumer.

But Sapnap just ignored him, as he started making the costumer's order as if George wasn't even there.

George sighed, taking his phone out to look at it instead as he wasn't getting the attention he was looking for from Sapnap.

He started scrolling on different sites, apps, mostly Twitter. Trying to find something that could miraculously cheer him up or turn his mood around.

As he was scrolling down his Twitter feed, he saw someone tweet about some app, recommending it to all of their friends, along with a download link for it.

Apparently it was an app to find a Sugar Daddy. Or perhaps even several of them.

George let out a slight scoff as he saw it, deciding to just ignore it as he kept scrolling.

But then it sort of stuck with him, his mind swirling with the very possibility.

In his head he imagined himself getting all kinds of gifts and access to loads of money. To never have to look at his stupid, ugly boss ever again. Never have to bring him another cup of coffee. Never have to forget to bring important papers, and then get yelled at for it.

And as his mind went running with the different fantasies of wealth, he scrolled back up. Staring at the tweet once again.

And in that moment, he figured, ‘why not?’. Why not try it, see what happens.

So with that thought, he moved his thumb across the screen. Pressing the link to the app, then the ‘install’ button.

He felt a flutter of nerves in his stomach as the app had finished downloading, his thumb hovering over it. Not knowing what would happen once he opened the app, how his life might change drastically from doing so.

Eventually he just pressed the app, watching it start up.

It couldn't be that bad, right?

Just trick a few strangers into sending him money. Perhaps even enough for him to quit his job.

This could be the key to his happiness, this could be his life destiny. This could be the opportunity of a lifetime and he'll feel so dumb for going so far into his twenties before adding this to his life. This could be the best-

"George. Stop moping. Your omega distress pheromones are filling the entire place, it's gonna scare away costumers."

"I'm not moping."

George mumbled back at Sapnap, the bell making a small noise in the background as the door shut behind the latest costumer.

"So what happened with your boss today?"

Sapnap asked as he kept doing his job, ignoring what George was doing on his phone. Not noticing how he was typing in his personal details to create an account on the app.

"He yelled at me for bringing him cold coffee again."

George mumbled, before glancing up at Sapnap,

"Which is entirely your fault, by the way."

"Fuck off, George. How is that my fault? The coffee was hot when I gave it to you."

"It wasn't."

George mumbled, typing in a light description on the new account he was making.

He wasn't even sure how he was gonna describe himself, or anything like that. So all he typed was 'give me money'.

He wasn't that serious about this anyways.

He did slightly roll his eyes when he had to tick the box that he was an omega, however. It's not something he likes flaunting around, preferred for people to think he wasn't one.

"It's literally my job to make coffee, it's not my fault you're a dumbass. You probably got lost sitting on your phone or something and let it get cold."

George ignored Sapnap's counter argument - mostly because it was true - and instead put his focus on trying to find a good picture of himself for his new account.

"Is this a good picture?"

George asked Sapnap as he held the device up for him. Showing a picture of him taken from a low angle, a deadpanned expression on his face, absolutely blank stare in his eyes.

He knew it was a bad picture, he'd taken it like that on purpose. He didn't exactly take flattering pictures of himself.

Sapnap looked at the image and gave a snort before going back to cleaning whatever he was cleaning.

George wasn't really paying attention to his barista activities, rarely ever did.

He'd usually just sit there and whine and complain to him about his job until Sapnap got off his shift, then they'd go home and play video games together.

That's pretty much how they first became friends as well. When George first got his job as an assistant, he had to start going to this specific coffee shop every day to get coffee for his boss.

And since Sapnap was also there every day, working, they started talking to each other. The two of them quickly realized they share a common interest for video games, and that was pretty much all it took for them to become best friends.

George still lives with his mom, as being an assistant doesn't really pay enough for him to get his own place. But he does tend to crash at Sapnap's place most of the time.

"You know you look awful in that picture- why do you always take such shitty pictures of yourself, George?"

Sapnap said as he glanced over at George again.

George gave a slight shrug as he went back to scrolling his photo album. A part of him felt like going with it, use that photo. Just to see what would happen.

“What are you even doing, George?”

Sapnap asked as George sat silently looking through his pictures.

“Texting your mum.”

George mumbled as he found another image of himself.

It was perhaps a bit better than the last one, but still a weird picture.

Sapnap leaned over just then to attempt snatching his phone away, but George was quick to get it out of reach from him.

“Just tell me what you’re doing.”

Sapnap whined, to which George scoffed.

“No.”

He then paused his scrolling, stumbling upon a slightly blurry picture of him that a friend of his had taken maybe three years ago or so.

Looking at it, he found it wasn’t the worst thing in the world.

It was a picture of him smiling, holding his family cat in his arms. Some lights dancing in the background as he wore an oversized, baby blue sweater.

The picture was almost too good, making him hesitate for a moment on whether he should actually use it or not.

But then, money was on the line. If he uses a picture people actually like, he might get more money.

So, he decided to set it as his profile picture. Then, his whole account was finished. Done.

He felt a bit lost as he got thrown into it, trying to navigate the app as he was immediately met by a feed to scroll through.

He went to the very bottom of the app to find he could check his requests box - which seemed to be empty at the moment - or he could upload stuff. Or, check his own account.

He pressed the button to overview his account again, just to see what it looked like in its final form.

“You look like such an omega in that picture.”

George looked up to see Sapnap leaning over, looking at what he was doing on his phone.

He immediately put a hand on Sapnap’s shoulder to push him away,

“Get away, stinknap.”

He complained, leaning away from the alpha.

He wasn’t the biggest fan of his scent. It had some sort of sandy, salty undertone to it, and it was just so very.. Sapnap.

It was just very clear the two of them weren’t meant to mate by any means.

“Just tell me what you’re doing, George. Is that some sort of dating app or what is it?”

Sapnap said, sounding whiny.

“I’m not telling you what it is.”

George said, right as he looked down at the requests box.

It had a red little circle with the number four on it.

Four?

Does that mean he’s already received four requests?

He bit back a smile. Feeling a slight excitement bubble up in him to have people coming to him, ready to give him their money.

As he pressed the inbox, he was met with four different names all with different profile pictures.

Right next to their names, stood a different number for each account. Along with a dollar sign.

It took him a moment to realize that must be how much money they have.

Which made the first guy - who's name was Stephen apparently - quite impressive. There was also a little symbol attached to his profile which said he was an alpha.

And as George looked at the other profiles he found the same symbol was on all of them.

The guy's actual picture wasn't super impressive, however. He looked.. a bit creepy.

But, money is money. George wasn't exactly there to find a mate or anything.

So, he started reading through all the messages and started blindly accepting all of them.

Which all seemed quite easy, no particular strings attached. Most of them wanting a simple picture or just chat for a while in exchange for their money.

But then he got to one particular profile.

The guy had the most amount of money he'd seen so far, the numbers barely fitting on the screen. But his actual name was quite strange. Same thing with his profile picture, it was all quite... weird.

He was an alpha, indicated by the small symbol next to his picture. But the picture itself was nothing but a green image. Just green. Nothing else.

But George really struggled to decide what the weirdest part was; his profile picture, or his name.

As his name read; Dream.

Just, Dream. No last name, no actual real name next to it.

Clearly, this guy must be some type of huge creep, if he has to stay this anonymous. Can't even show his face or use his real name.

There were red flags all over his profile, truly.

And as George went to check his bio, he didn't even have anything written on it.

Finally, he checked his message. Finding he'd sent him an address, along with a message that said,

'Meet me tomorrow. Six pm. Don't be late.'

George glanced up at Sapnap - who'd clearly given up on trying to figure out what he was up to - and he suddenly felt like asking him what he thought, if it was a good idea.

If he should go for it or not. Meet this weird, rich, faceless creep.

But then, Sapnap probably would say no to that. Any sane person would see this as a death trap.

But something in George wanted to go.

Maybe it was the insane amount of money attached to his account, or maybe just plain curiosity. But he felt almost compelled to do it, to check out what this guy had to offer him.

And besides, he wouldn't be allowed to be on an app like this if he was some type of serial killer, right?

....Surely.

Probably.

George took an Uber to the location he'd been told to be at the next day.

He'd barely had time to go home and get changed after work, before heading out again. Hopefully he'd still make it in time, but it was hard to tell how long it would take him to even get to a location he'd never been at before.

As the car was approaching his destination, he noticed the buildings were getting taller, larger, fancier. More expensive looking.

And the restaurants they were passing were nothing but five star places, stuff you needed to be booked for months before getting a seat at.

He felt his heart pounding faster in his chest as the car turned into the very street the location was said to be at.

Looking out, he saw a few tall skyscrapers, and he began to wonder if perhaps one of them was the place he'd been told to be at.

"We're here."

His Uber driver announced as he stopped by the sidewalk.

George thanked him as he got out of the car, shutting the door behind him before looking up at the tall building in front of him.

Looks like he's arrived.

George looked at the message again as he stood by the very entrance of the building, finding he'd included a code in the message.

He put the code into a overly clean, expensive looking touch screen on the wall next to the door, then heard a chipper beep go off as he'd put in the correct numbers. Along with a gentle click of the door unlocking.

He then grabbed the handle, opening the heavy door that was mostly made out of glass.

As soon as he stepped into the building, he was met by fresh, cool air. The gentle sound of an air conditioner humming faintly in the background.

The floors below him were made out of marble, causing an echoing sound to bounce off the walls whenever the heel of his shoe hit the floor.

Everything looked so clean as he walked through the entrance hallway, even the classy plants along the walls looked as if they'd never even heard of what a speck of dust was.

He walked over to the elevator on the other end of the hallway, wondering if the gold colored elevator doors were actually made out of gold or just painted that way.

The doors parted in front of him as he reached the elevator, making it easy for him to immediately step into it.

So far, this place was so nice it almost gave an eerie vibe in some way. Things were so clean and proper, he'd never been at such a place before.

As he got into the elevator, George took his phone out again to read the text, seeing he'd been instructed to go to the sixty ninth floor.

He glanced at the time quickly as well, seeing it was five minutes before six.

Hopefully this elevator won't take longer than five minutes to reach the correct floor.

He locked his phone again and pressed the floor button that said 69, which apparently was the very top one.

He'd almost thought this 'Dream' dude was messing with him when he said it was floor '69', but turns out that was an actual floor number after all.

He almost felt a bit dizzy for a moment having to think about how high up that actually was.

Sixty nine floors up in the sky.

As soon as he'd pressed the button, the elevator began taking him up. But he could barely even feel it as it kept rising, the machinery moving incredibly smooth as it carried him higher and higher.

And soon, a soft ding was heard and the display above the doors had '69' on it, right as the doors parted before him.

He swallowed, stepping out of the elevator. Finding himself in a hallway, with only one door at the end of it.

He gave a small huff, finding it almost ridiculous seeing a whole floor being given to one single resident.

But then something about it was also quite.. impressive.

He walked over towards the door, the elevator shutting behind him softly as he went.

He then stopped right before the door.

It was made out of dark wood, whilst the door handle seemed to be made out of steel. It had a sleek look to it, and looked painfully clean. Not a single fingerprint of it's surface.

George wet his lips and raised his fist. He then gave a knock to the door.

He had to flex and unflex his hand as he dropped it to his side again, feeling a jittery nervous feeling as he stood there. Fully unaware of what was about to greet him as that door opens.

And then, the door opened.

George was immediately met by an unfamiliar scent. It was strong, heavy, clearly belonging to an alpha. It was also rich, reminding him of chocolate, but also the woods. And it carried this.. warmth to it.

There was something undeniably comforting about the scent.

And the person it seemed to belong to, stood right before him.

He was tall, wore a black suit, his tie a darker shade of green than the green he'd seen on 'Dream's' profile picture. His hair was sandy blond, almost a light brown color. And his eyes were green, piercing him as the man looked right at him.

There was something quite intimidating about his whole exterior, the energy he gave off. Simply standing before him made George feel like his knees went somewhat weak below him, as the air suddenly got thicker, heavier to breathe.

The jittery feeling he'd felt just before the door had opened was now coursing through his whole body, through his arms and legs, stomach and chest. It was everywhere.

His cheeks were growing hotter as well, it was a really strange experience.

"George."

The stranger spoke, his voice fitting his scent perfectly. A comforting, low tone that hugged the woody part of his scent so well.

George blinked, realizing he had to speak back,

"Yes."

He said, mouth slightly dry. Looking up at the man in front of him through his lashes.

"Come in."

The man then said, opening the door slightly wider for him to enter his home.

Or, what he assumed was his home, at least.

"You're 'Dream', right?"

George asked as he walked behind the man into the large apartment, his attention getting stolen away by every piece of artwork and cool gadget they passed by as he followed the suited man further into the place.

“Yeah.”

Dream answered.

George almost asked just then what his actual name was - since it couldn't be 'Dream' - but he decided to bite his tongue and not say it.

Dream led them into a large living room which had two white, clean looking sofas facing each other. There was quite the leap between them, the space fitting a whole matching white coffee table, with a small fireplace in the middle of it that stood lit, the fire hovering right above the surface of the table.

The sofas themselves looked pristine, untouched.

The floors below them were wooden, with a large rug right below the sofas, which was dark gray.

But even the rug looked untouched and painfully clean, as if not one foot had stepped on it before.

“Sit.”

Dream ordered simply as they reached the sofas. George sent him a quick glance before walking over to sit on one of them, almost feeling as if he was doing something illegal by stepping on the very rug below them.

The sofa was stiff and cold as he sat on it, didn't even seem like a piece of furniture that was meant to be used. Just nice to look at.

Dream took a seat on the other sofa across from him, clearing his throat as he sat down.

“You don't look exactly like your picture.”

Dream mumbled as his gaze seemed to be taking George in.

George gave a faint huff,

“Neither do you.”

His comment made Dream crack a small smile, one he tried to suppress as he looked away. Almost as if holding himself back from laughing just then.

His gaze going to a pair of large windows that held the incredible view of the city below them.

The sun was still up, but it wasn't long until it was going to set. And that, must be an incredible sight to see from this place.

Dream cleared his throat again as he looked at George once more, a more serious expression on his face,

"I was going to say, you look... better than your picture, George. Prettier."

George looked away from him, feeling a dumb blush make it's way to his cheeks. He gave another slight huff, wetting his lips as he looked to the windows.

"Are you unmated?"

Dream asked next, taking George by slight surprise.

The question definitely didn't help the blush on his cheeks to disappear.

"Why are you asking me that?"

He asked, hearing the slight flustered tint to his own voice as he spoke.

"Just answer the question. Yes or no, George."

Something about the way he said his name made George's brain go all foggy. As he spoke any other words his voice was woodsy and comforting, but the way he said his name was like dripping, melted chocolate.

He swallowed, wetting his lips once more as he exhaled slightly.

He was unmated.

Was he embarrassed to admit such a thing?

Absolutely.

And he wasn't even sure what answer this guy was looking for, what he wanted him to be. What would be the right answer to get to his money?

Dream leaned back, laying one arm out along the backrest of the sofa as he placed his ankle onto his other knee, looking quite alpha-like.

George even caught the fact that he was wearing a watch on his left wrist, peeking out from underneath his suit jacket sleeve.

"I'm running out of patience, George."

George looked away from him, feeling.. weird as he looked at him.

"Why do you need to know if I'm mated or not? Why does it matter?"

"It's important."

"For what?"

Dream just sighed at that, not giving him any more answers.

And then this uncomfortable silence stretched between them, one that made George struggle to breathe properly as it felt so tense. The alpha's strong scent and overall energy truly making it hard for him to even think properly.

Dream then suddenly put his foot down, placing his hands on his knees, looking as if he was about to stand up,

"Alright, then I think we're--"

"Yes."

George quickly mumbled, practically forcing out the answer. Feeling embarrassed to do so, but hoping it was the correct one at least.

Dream paused, sitting back down again as he fixed his gaze on George,

“Yes, what, George?”

George had to look away, hating that he had to say it,

“I’m not... mated.”

Right as the words left his mouth, a slight smile made it to Dream’s lips, as he spread his legs slightly.

“Alright. Good.”

‘Good’?

Okay, so that was the correct answer, apparently.

Dream stood up, walking over to a console table where he fetched a thin stack of papers laying on the surface, along with a pen.

He then walked back to George, and sat down where he’d been sitting before. He then swiftly pressed a button underneath the table between them. It gave off the lightest beep, then, the fireplace disappeared.

Turns out it had been fake, nothing but some type of hologram.

“Is it your first time doing this?”

Dream asked as he placed the paper stack on the table, right where the fireplace had previously been.

George glanced at the papers, seeing they were filled with text.

“Doing what?”

George answered, his gaze shifting to look right at Dream.

He had somewhat of an idea what he meant, and all of this was obviously a first to him. But he couldn’t resist putting the question back on him, make him spell it out.

“Getting a Sugar Daddy.”

Dream said as he looked at him, their gazes meeting.

George gave a slight huff, tearing his gaze away from him as he struggled to hold it. He then gave a slight shrug, his whole body still feeling hot.

“I guess.”

He mumbled.

“Do you have any other contacts?”

“What does that mean?”

Dream gave a slight huff,

“Other Sugar Daddies.”

George’s gaze flickered between Dream’s eyes then down to his hands, watching him casually spin the pen between his fingers. His large hands making the pen seem small, somehow.

“Why are you asking me that?”

“Delete them. You’re mine.”

George felt a rush go through him at his words, making him wet his lips.

“I haven’t even accepted your request yet.”

“Alright, fine. Do you accept my request?”

“What are you offering?”

“A big allowance. Along with plenty of gifts. You’ll be staying here, living under this roof. Eating the best food there is, sleeping on the most comfortable bed to exist. You’ll never need to want for another thing for the rest of your life.”

George let out a slight huff,

“In exchange for what?”

“You do whatever I tell you to do.”

Dream’s gaze dipped to the papers between them,

“It’s all in the contract. You can look through it now or after you’ve signed it. Up to you.”

George felt in disbelief, gaze traveling over Dream.

It was as if all his wishes had been answered for.

He wouldn’t have to work another day in his life.

It almost felt too good to be true.

“How many are you doing this for?”

George asked, his thoughts reminding him that this might not be such a special opportunity after all.

But then Dream said,

“None. Just you.”

It took George by slight surprise,

“Why me?”

Dream leaned forward slightly, voice low as he spoke,

“I’ve been looking for someone like you.”

“You don’t know me.”

George said quietly. As if he didn’t want to say the words, knowing it could risk him actually getting this amazing opportunity.

But it didn't seem to even bother Dream, as he leaned back slightly again,

“Are you gonna sign the contract or what?”

George moved into Dream's apartment the very next day, with the help of a moving firm Dream had rented for him.

His mother didn't seem to mind at all when she heard he'd move in with an alpha, probably thinking he'd finally found a mate.

He didn't bring all of his things, however. Mostly just the essential stuff. Dream didn't want too much clutter to ruin the interior of the place, either.

Besides, he kept telling George he could just buy him new things and new furniture instead.

As it was all settled and done, George went to bed in his new room. Laying on his new bed, with the most comfortable mattress he'd ever come by.

“George.”

Looking up from the iPad Dream had given him, George saw the alpha approaching him.

He had his hand stretched out, pausing right in front of the kitchen isle George was sat by, eating breakfast.

“Hand me your phone.”

Dream ordered.

“Why?”

George said, not moving a muscle.

“You’re meant to do as I say, George.”

George held his gaze on him, considering whether he should challenge him or not.

But then, it wouldn’t just be challenging him, but also a legal contract.

So, he sighed. Digging into his pocket to get his phone, before handing it over to Dream.

“When do I get it back?”

George asked as he watched Dream pocketing his device.

“Never.”

Dream stated simply, digging into his other pocket before taking out another phone, which he then placed in front of George.

“This is your phone now.”

George looked at it, feeling confused. It was the latest model, a brand new phone.

He reached over to pick up the device, watching it light up the moment he brought it to his face.

It was a nice gift, so suppose he shouldn’t complain over having to switch to this phone instead.

“I’ve already sent five thousand to this phone, it’s your allowance for now.”

George’s gaze snapped up to Dream,

“Five thousand? As in dollars?”

Dream nodded,

“You’ll get it monthly. I might raise it if you behave well.”

Raise it?

George felt baffled, looking down at his new device once again.

He'd never had that much money in his account. Ever. And now he'll get it monthly?!

Suddenly, it felt like the universe was smiling down on him. Everything was coming together, he was living his dream life.

"Is that okay with you, George?"

Dream asked, his hand going up to fix with his tie slightly.

George gave a slight huff,

"I think so."

He caught Dream flash him a slight smile before he turned to start walking off towards the front door.

"Good, I'm off to a meeting. Bye, see you later."

The moment the door shut behind Dream, George let out a small excited laughter, feeling unbelievably lucky.

He'd really hit the jackpot with finding a Sugar Daddy. This guy wasn't some weird creep, he seemed to be about the same age as him as well. And he wasn't exactly bad looking either.

Not that... it mattered anyways.

He didn't care about that.

He wasn't looking to mate with the guy or anything, he was just there to take his money.

"Sapnap!"

His friend looked up from where he was finishing a cappuccino, seeing George walk into the coffee shop.

“George! Where the hell have you been?”

George sat down by the counter, watching Sapnap hand the order over to a costumer before walking over to him.

“I’m gonna quit my job, Sapnap. I have money now.”

“What? What are you talking about? Also where have you been for the past, like, three days?”

George huffed,

“It doesn’t matter, Sapnap. I have money.”

“Yes, I got that part. But how? And why are you quitting your job?”

“Why are you asking me so many question?”

Sapnap gave him a look as if he was close to insane, finding he had every right to ask questions as this was just a weird situation all around.

His lips then parted as if he was gonna speak his mind. But right then, the bell by the door went off, and Sapnap had to serve the costumer that came in.

Seems George was saved by the bell, quite literally.

Or so he thought, until the costumer left, and Sapnap resumed with asking him questions.

“Okay, so, you wanna quit your job?”

George gave a sigh,

“Yes.”

“And you also have money suddenly.”

“Yes.”

Sapnap fell silent as he had this contemplative look on his face, and George’s gaze dropped as he awaited more annoying questions.

Maybe he just has to tell him the truth, even if it’s quite embarrassing to admit he got himself a Sugar Daddy. But he’s gonna find out eventually anyways, right?

“Then let’s go out tonight and celebrate.”

George’s gaze lifted, looking at Sapnap.

He’d truly expected him to keep going with the questions, make him actually have to spell it all out for him.

But it seemed as if he was just going to accept it.

Feeling relieved, George smiled,

“Okay.”

As soon as Sapnap’s shift was over later that evening, the two of them headed out. Going to a bar they’d been at a few times before.

But this truly was a rare occasion, as neither of them could ever really afford actually going out normally.

Suppose that would change from now on.

The pheromones were heavy in the air as they entered the place, filled with scents from desperate alphas and omegas who were looking for partners. Their ‘true mate’.

Pretty much everyone hopes to find their true mate, a person who’s scent just hits right. Makes you feel safe, at home. Your missing puzzle piece.

But realistically, there was a quite small percentage of people who actually ended up meeting their true mate. Most people just end up settling down with someone they find nice on the eyes.

George wasn't someone who even held out hope to find his true mate.

At least he'd never admit to it.

The first thing they did was walk over to the bar to order themselves drinks. George went with soda, as he did most of the time.

Sapnap wasn't exactly a drinker, either, but he went with a beer this time. Ordering it right after George told him he'd pay for them both for the night.

After getting their drinks, the two of them found an available booth close to the wall, and decided to sit there.

For the first few minutes they were sat there, Sapnap told George about a dumb costumer he'd had the previous day, who'd apparently been deadset on the fact that Sapnap had put some sort of poison in their drink when he'd just put some sugar into it. They'd gotten so mad at Sapnap over the whole ordeal, they ended up asking to speak to his manager.

Sapnap felt annoyed over the whole thing, but George just shrugged and said,

"I don't know, maybe you did put poison in it. Sounds like something you would do, actually."

Sapnap rolled his eyes,

"Shut up, George."

"Let's do truth or dare."

Sapnap said a few minutes later, as George sat looking through Twitter on his phone.

George scoffed,

"Why?"

"Because I want to. Come on, you go first."

"No."

“Alright, fine. I’ll go first, ask me truth or dare, George.”

George huffed,

“No.”

“I pick truth. Ask me a question, George.”

George looked at him,

“Did you know I’ve had sex with your mum?”

Sapnap almost rolled his eyes,

“You’re such a dumbass, George. Those jokes aren’t even funny, why do you always joke like that?”

George looked back at his phone,

“It’s not jokes.”

“Yes it is. Ask me something else.”

“No.”

Sapnap sighed,

“Fine, then it’s your turn. Truth or dare, George?”

George contemplated ignoring him, but then he was quite curious of what he’d say.

Perhaps he’d entertain him, just for the fun of it.

“Dare.”

Sapnap paused as he seemed to think for a moment. Apparently he hadn't expected him to pick dare.

He then said,

“Yell out the first word that comes to mind.”

And for some, really dumb reason, George's mind immediately went,

‘Dream’

Which, would be weird if he said out loud. Right?

Or maybe it wouldn't be, since technically it's not a name.

But no, there was no way he could go with that. He had no idea why his mind even went there in the first place.

“That's so dumb..”

George mumbled at Sapnap's dare, as it truly was a dumb one.

“No it's not. Yell, George.”

George rolled his eyes, his mind screaming ‘Dream’ and pretty much nothing else.

But eventually he finally settled on,

“Sapnap is an idiot!”

“Fuck off, George. I said first word, not sentence.”

Sapnap said, but despite the insult thrown at him he couldn't help but laugh after George had yelled it out, and George found it quite amusing as well. Glancing around to see some people give him strange looks.

“Give me another one, Sapnap.”

“No, it’s my turn. Give me a dare.”

“Okay, fine. Scream as loud as you can.”

“Do you want us to get kicked out?”

George laughed,

“I can’t believe you’re such a chicken, you can’t even do a little dare. Itty witty Sapnap can’t do a itty witty dare.”

Sapnap rolled his eyes at this, the alpha in him clearly getting his ego hurt as George used that whiny baby voice to mock him.

He then screamed loudly, making George almost topple over in laughter.

“Okay, truth of dare, George?”

Sapnap then said, looking right at George.

“Dare.”

“I dare you to lick the table.”

George scoffed,

“That’s disgusting.”

“Oh, so you’re not gonna do it then? Are you too chicken, huh, George? Chicken baby waby can’t do a little dare!”

Sapnap tried imitating the mocking voice George had done, but sounded way more aggressive in his tone.

But George wasn’t as bothered by his mocking as Sapnap had been. And he wasn’t gonna lick a

table in a public place.

“I’m not doing it, give me something else.”

“I’m not giving you anything else, you gotta do it, George.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

“Fine, I’ll just leave, then. Bye, Sapnap.”

“No, wait, George,”

Sapnap said, right as George was about to get out of his seat.

“I’ll give you another one.”

“Okay. What is it, then?”

“I dare you to kiss someone in this place.”

George looked weirded out at that,

“What? No. Sapnap, your dares suck, I’m picking truth instead.”

“You can’t backtrack like that.”

“Yes I can. Truth, idiot!”

“Fine. Tell me where you got your money from.”

George stared at him, suddenly feeling tongue tied.

“Hey,”

They both looked up, finding a stranger getting into their booth. Putting down a drink on their table before turning to George, who he'd sat down right next to.

“Mind if I buy you a drink?”

He then asked, clearly directing the question at George, who was straining not to grimace at his scent.

The scent from this guy was pure desperation, with a hint of what could only be described as sour yoghurt. And with the alcohol he was drinking mixing into it all, George could barely stand being around this alpha.

He tried scooting to the side to create some distance between them. But with how the guy had sat down so close to him, he worried his scent had already rubbed off on him.

“Back off, dude.”

Sapnap said to the annoying alpha, making him look over at him instead.

“What? You're his mate or something?”

Right as he asked the question, George felt his phone buzzing in his hand.

He looked at it, finding a text from Dream.

He didn't even know he had his number. He must've put himself into the contacts before giving him the phone.

He unlocked to read the text,

‘George. Where are you?’

He swallowed. Glancing up at Sapnap, who was in the midst of telling the other alpha he wasn't his mate, but that still doesn't give this guy the right to invade George's space.

It was strange, because George didn't feel particularly comforted or any more safe when Sapnap sat here defending him. But, when Dream sent him a text, he immediately felt a rush of safety. As if his alpha was near. There to save him.

He quickly shook off the weird thought, typing back to Dream that he was out with Sapnap.

He barely got to lock his phone before Dream typed back,

'I'm on my way.'

George looked at the message, wondering how he could say that without even knowing where they were. And why was he coming over?

Sapnap and George soon got the annoying alpha to leave, but unfortunately his scent still lingered even after he'd left.

George worried he'd have to shower after getting back home, as the scent was truly unbearable to carry around.

But it seemed as if they finally had their peace back at least, so they decided to get back to their little truth or dare game.

"It's your turn."

Sapnap said, taking a sip from his beer.

"Truth."

George answered, right at the same time as his phone buzzed again.

He checked it immediately, finding another text from Dream,

'Come outside.'

"Alright, tell me who texted you just now."

Sapnap said, choosing it as his ‘truth’.

George sighed, locking his phone,

“I’ll be right back, Sapnap.”

He then got out of the booth, hearing Sapnap ask him where he was going, but he kept walking towards the exit without answering him.

The moment George stepped outside, he spotted a green Lamborghini standing right by the sidewalk, the lights still on as the engine was running. It had started getting dark out, so George could just barely tell it was Dream who sat behind the driver’s seat.

As he stood there, looking at the insanely expensive looking car, Dream pressed the car horn three times in a row.

It made George step forward, walking over to the car and open the passenger seat.

“Get in.”

Dream said, looking at George with a serious expression.

“Why? Where are you taking me?”

“George.”

Dream said, sounding impatient, annoyed.

George glanced over his shoulder, then got into the car with Dream.

The minute the door fell shut behind him, Dream began driving. The engine gave off a loud roar as he immediately stepped on the gas, driving off in a faster speed than he should be going at on a road like that.

And from the moment George had gotten into the car with him, he was immediately hit by Dream’s scent. It was strong, yet slightly different from how it usually is. This time it had a spiciness to it. Along with a sort of.. bitterness.

He was angry.

“You’re angry.”

George said as he looked at Dream.

“I’m not angry, I’m disappointed.”

Dream said, but his scent gave him away completely. He was definitely angry.

“What were you doing, George?”

Dream asked, his jaw tense.

“Why are you asking me that?”

George asked, probably being stupid considering he was dealing with an angry alpha. Who was currently driving him. It’s about as dangerous as it gets.

“Tell me what you were doing, George.”

Dream’s voice was slightly different as he spoke this time, but most importantly the feeling George got from it was entirely different.

Dream had just used his alpha voice on him.

As an omega, he can’t resist obeying to it even if he tries.

“I went out with my friend, Sapnap.”

George said, feeling a strange sensation throughout his entire body. Starting at the very pit of his stomach, as if a large hand had a grasp on him.

George had never actually experienced someone using their alpha voice on him before.

“Who is he?”

“My best friend.”

George mumbled in response, looking forward.

“Is he an alpha?”

Dream asked next.

George watched his hands gripping the steering wheel, his knuckles growing pale from his hard grip.

“Yes.”

George said, watching his grip tighten.

“You can’t see him ever again.”

“What?”

“You heard me, George.”

As soon as they got to the apartment, Dream grabbed George and pushed him against the wall next to the front door.

The way he towered over him, coupled with his scent absolutely embracing him, George felt his legs buckling slightly below him.

Dream then leaned down, smelling him.

As he smelled him, George felt even more embraced by the alpha’s scent. The rich chocolate and woody tones, the warmth to it that made him feel as if someone had wrapped him up in a blanket.

Dream’s scent made his mouth water, along with his whole body growing hot. And the longer he spent inhaling that scent, the more he could feel his eyelids growing heavier, and he began to feel drowsy all of a sudden.

His hands wanted to grab at the alpha just then, but he held himself back. Tipping his head back against the wall behind him as his eyes slipped shut.

Dream then pulled away,

“You smell like more than one alpha, George.”

“Some annoying guy rubbed up on me.”

George mumbled, keeping his eyes shut.

“It says in the contract, you’re not allowed to go out and do these things, George. Every time you do something, you have to ask my permission first.”

Oh.

He had no idea.

Suppose that’s on him for not fully reading the contract.

George swallowed, opening his eyes to look at Dream.

Could he sue him for this? Like, actually sue him for going against an actual contract he’s signed?

Dream’s gaze roamed over him with an expression on his face that George struggled to read.

He also struggled to find any words to say, knowing he’d messed up big time. And being under the alpha’s gaze felt intimidating, especially knowing he’d disappointed him.

Dream’s gaze then paused at George’s lips, before he said,

“You deserve punishment, George.”

Punishment. Sure sounds better than a lawsuit, right?

George’s lips parted, right as Dream said,

“Go shower, then come back and meet me here.”

George gave a nod, actually looking forward to getting to wash off the disgusting alpha scent that had rubbed off on him.

Dream stepped away from him, the embrace of his scent subsiding.

George pushed himself off the wall, his legs feeling somewhat weak as he started walking towards the bathroom.

“Wait.”

Dream said, right as he was about to leave the room.

George froze in his step, hearing Dream approach him.

“Take this, as well.”

Dream said, gently taking George’s hand to then place a small, black box within his palm, before closing his fingers around it.

“I want you to come back with that inside of you.”

George looked at the small box, feeling a bit confused.

Inside of him? Was he gonna get him to take some sort of pill or something?

“What is it?”

He said, glancing up at Dream again.

“You’ll see once you open it.”

Dream mumbled, turning his back to him as he started walking over to the sofa.

George gave a slight nod at that, then turned again to go to the bathroom.

The moment he shut the door behind himself, he opened the box to find it contained... a small butt plug of sorts.

Oh.

His face felt hot as he looked at it. Feeling both nerves and excitement rush through him at the sight, the very thought of putting that thing inside of him.

Why did Dream want him to put this thing up his ass?

Was this connected to his punishment or something?

He exhaled as he walked over to place it on the side of the sink, deciding he should focus on showering first.

So he began stepping out of his clothing. But right as he did, he noticed slick was dripping out of him.

Why.. was slick coming out of him?

Usually that only really happens around his heat, which shouldn't occur in another few weeks from now.

He decided not to dwell on it. There must be some explanation he was too tired to come up with. His brain felt a bit too foggy to fully process any logical thought at the moment anyways.

Which was also how he usually feels around heats.

Has he gotten the dates off? Is his heat coming already?

No, that would be ridiculous. There's no way he could be that off. It's probably nothing, maybe just a lot of change recently messing with his hormones or something like that.

He stepped into the shower, allowing the water to cool off his burning face and clear his brain fog a bit.

"Dream?"

Dream looked up from one of the white sofas, seeing George standing by the entrance to the living room.

He was dressed in a thin, dark blue robe, his hair slightly wet from the shower still.

“Come here, George.”

Dream said, his voice dipped low. Chocolate undertones hugging his name.

George walked forward, stopping right next to the sofa.

Dream then gave a nod towards the coffee table in between the two sofas,

“Lay on the table.”

George looked at Dream, feeling unsure of what his intentions were.

“Why?”

“Like I said before, you need to be punished, George.”

George looked at the alpha, then at the table. He then huffed, walking forward to lay down with his back against the table.

As he laid down, he could feel the cool surface of the table press against his back through the thin fabric of his robe, causing him to shiver slightly.

He then looked to his side, where Dream was sitting. Watching him.

George pulled his legs up to plant his feet flat against the table surface. Feeling weirdly exposed as he laid there, wearing nothing but a robe.

As Dream seemed to find he was ready, he leaned forward slightly,

“You need to be punished, but I’m not a monster or anything. So your safe word is ‘green’. Use it only if it gets too much.”

A safe word?

George brows lifted a slight bit, his heart making a thump in his chest.

He truly had no idea what Dream had in store for him.

Dream sat back again, putting his ankle over his other knee, right as he pulled something out of his

pocket.

It seemed to be a small remote.

And as George was looking at it, he watched Dream moving his thumb, pressing down on one of the buttons without a warning. Without saying a single word.

George drew a breath as he felt the butt plug start to vibrate inside of him.

He didn't even know it could do that, had no idea it had a remote control either.

He turned his head to face the ceiling, wetting his lips. The vibration feeling kinda.. nice, actually.

It made him shut his eyes as he subtly rocked his hips back against it, pushing the plug slightly deeper inside of him in the process.

"You feel that?"

Dream asked as his gaze rested on him.

George nodded, trying to keep his breathing even.

"How does it feel, George?"

George let out a faint huff, parting his lips,

"Weird."

He mumbled. Biting his tongue from telling him it felt good.

"Alright."

Dream mumbled under his breath. He then pressed the button on the remote five more times, immediately putting him at a level six.

George gasped, pushing his head back against the table as his back arched off of it, the vibrations six times as intense as they had been just a second ago. It was overwhelming, making it hard for him to even breathe properly.

He let out a strained moan, as one of his hands went up above his head, grasping at the sleek, cool surface of the table as if trying to grab onto something. His other hand going to his face, pushing up into his hair as he let out another moan.

“I want you to always be honest with me, George.”

Dream said as he leaned forward, planting both feet firmly on the ground.

“You need to tell me if you want to go somewhere, see someone. And you need to tell me what’s on your mind when I ask you.”

He stood up, walking around the table George was laying on.

In the meantime, George’s felt his whole body being tensed up as he could do nothing but try to breathe and let out faint moans.

It was too much at once, the vibrations were intense. It felt like taking a shortcut to an orgasm, it was too fast and too soon.

It was driving him crazy.

“So I’m gonna do this again. If you’re honest with me, George, I’ll lower the intensity. If you lie to me, again, I’ll turn it up even higher.”

George let out a faint moan as Dream finished telling him the rules, awaiting his question. His hand clawing at the table right next to his head.

“How does it feel, George?”

George shut his eyes, one single tear slipping down his cheek, going down towards his ear.

“Good.”

He got out, his voice breathy and faint.

Dream was silent for a beat after his reply. But then, he pressed a button on the remote. Three times.

And George felt the intensity of the butt plug lower. Making him exhale as his body relaxed slightly.

It still wasn’t fully off, the vibrations were still pretty intense, but it wasn’t as intense as it had been just now.

“You need to understand, I’ll always know when you’re lying, George.”

Dream said as he stood by the table, right by George’s head.

George could feel his scent extra strongly as he stood close, the feeling from it spreading through his entire body.

The angry undertone from earlier was still there, but now less present. Instead, there was now a more evident undertone there, which was a rich vanilla, holding a much sweeter tint. It had an absolutely intoxicating taste to it, contributing heavily to George’s mind going all foggy, his eyelids heavy.

And he could really feel it at this point, how slick was pooling underneath him, gushing out of him.

“You know, I wasn’t sure if I’d actually get use out of putting a tracker on your phone. But it seems I’ve already had use for it.”

Dream then huffed,

“But I do wonder, if I were to remove the tracker from your phone, would you tell me whenever you were going somewhere, George?”

George swallowed,

“Yes.”

He got out, softly panting as the vibrations were still strong and intense after all.

Dream let out a chuckle, but it was entirely devoid of any sort of humorous tone,

“That’s another lie, George.”

He then said in a lowered tone.

Then, he pressed the button on his remote, five times. Putting him at a level eight.

George couldn’t even breathe this time, his back arching off the table entirely. Another tear

soaking his lashes as he had his eyes shut.

Then, he came.

But it wasn't the usual, blissful release. This was intense, near painful as he felt himself coming and coming and the intense vibration wouldn't stop.

He let out a light, high pitched moan as it was about the only thing he could let out. His hand reaching and grasping at nothing on the table, before going to grab at his hair.

“Dre-“

George finally got out, his hand reaching over to grab after him as he stood next to the table, right above his head. His fingertips brushing against Dream's belt buckle.

He knew Dream was watching him, he could feel his burning hot gaze. But for the moment he didn't say anything, he simply observed him silently. With lord knows what on his mind.

Then, without saying a word about it, Dream turned the intensity all the way down to a zero.

George was panting as he finally got to relax again, the vibration now fully gone.

His whole body relaxed against the surface that was once cool underneath him, which now felt about as hot as his own body temperature.

He turned his head to the side, opening his eyes to see Dream taking a seat on the sofa again.

George's eyelids felt heavy as he watched him, their gazes meeting. Dream's pupils were large as he looked back at him, and there was definitely a hunger in his entire expression.

“You look pretty, George.”

George gave a huff, heat spreading across his whole body from the compliment. Feeling pretty much unable to give any sort of comeback or reply to his words.

“I want you to lay on your stomach for a moment.”

Dream then said.

George was slightly surprised by this, as he thought for a moment maybe they were done at this point.

“Why?”

He mumbled, holding his gaze on Dream.

“I just need to do one final thing.”

George held his gaze on him for a moment longer.

But then, he did feel curious as to what more the alpha had in mind. What else he would do to him.

So he used his final strength to turn around. Collapsing with his stomach against the table instead, before pushing his knees up underneath him.

His limbs felt all heavy as he did the small movement, and he was already convinced he'd be sore for a week from this whole thing.

Dream stood up as soon as George had turned around, walking over to stand behind him.

He then grabbed his ankles, parting them to get in between his legs.

George held his breath just then, feeling his heart make a thump in his chest.

He looked over his shoulder, almost expecting the alpha to be unbuttoning his pants.

Even more so, he caught himself almost wishing to be seeing that as well.

His omega brain felt almost as if he was in heat, with his brain all foggy and slick coming out of him. And the intoxicating alpha smell that was all around him, it truly was getting to him at this point.

But instead of unbuttoning his pants, Dream took his suit jacket off. Disregarding it on the sofa before rolling up his shirt sleeves, revealing the expensive watch on his wrist.

George looked at his hands just then, along with his wrists.

He had such big, nice hands. Ones that gave him away for being an alpha before he'd even speak a single word about it. That, his height, and the size of his feet, definitely gave him away immediately.

George held his gaze on his hands as Dream moved them to his robe, pushing the fabric up to reveal his ass. His hand pausing to rest at the curve of his spine.

He felt his face heat up as Dream looked at it, seeing the amount of slick that was coming out of him.

His gaze flickered up to Dream's face, noticing he was drawing a breath before exhaling with a slight shake to it, before swallowing hard. And the scent he'd been exuding was twice as strong now, heavily laced with that rich vanilla, which held a musky undertone to it. It danced perfectly with the woody scent, along with the melted chocolate.

Feeling his scent made George instinctively push his ass up towards him, pressing his face against the table, cheek against the cooling surface. Softly moaning,

"Daddy.."

The word slipping out of him as an instinctual response, something he didn't even register until after he'd spoken, causing his face to heat up even more, embarrassment washing over him.

He felt Dream respond by placing both hands on his ass, getting a firm grip on it.

And then, without any warning, Dream lifted one of his hands to then slap his asscheek with it.

George let out a moan, his body going forward slightly. His short fingernails digging slightly at the smooth table surface.

The slap was hard, would definitely leave some type of mark behind.

And he knew this was part of the punishment. He was spanking him, made total sense for a punishment.

But... it also felt good.

George balled his hands into fists next to his face as he felt Dream repeat the motion a few times, doing the same on both asscheeks.

And as he kept going, George kept letting out moans. Faintly calling out for him as he kept pushing his ass up into his touch. Loving the attention, the marks it would leave behind.

He really wanted to seem like he didn't, but his body kept responding before he could even think twice about it, and slick was dripping out of him even more than before.

Eventually, he had his ass so high up in the air, he felt something behind him.

He quickly realized it was Dream's belt buckle, the steel material cool against his hot skin.

And before he could think not to, he rolled his hips up against it, brushing up against his crotch.

And right then, Dream started pressing the remote again. Turning it all the way up to a ten. Mumbling under his breath,

"I didn't give you permission to do that, George."

The high intensity vibration absolutely stole George's breath away, making his upper body collapse against the table as Dream held his ass in place, pressed against his crotch.

George let out a string of strained moans, struggling to hold himself up, allowing Dream to fully keep him in place. And as he did, he could feel the outline of his hard dick pressing against his ass.

Dream was hard from this. From watching him.

George reached his hand out to claw at the table again, feeling absolutely overwhelmed. From the vibrations, the strong alpha scent, the way said alpha had his big hands on him, the way he'd made him hard.

It was too much for him, causing George to come once again, his legs shaking from the intensity of it. Short, high pitched moans escaping him.

Then, he fainted.

George woke up the next morning, his whole body feeling sore. At first he felt confused by his whereabouts, sitting up to find he was in his new bed, in his new room.

But he couldn't even remember how he got there the previous night.

And as he looked down, he found himself wearing nothing but a white button up shirt. It was somewhat large on him, clearly not made for his frame.

He lifted the fabric slightly, smelling the neckline.

Dream.

His eyes fell shut as he inhaled the scent, a heat spreading through his entire body, making his mind all fogged up.

That was Dream's scent. Although a bit more faint than usual since it had been mixed with George's own scent whilst he'd been sleeping in it.

But this was Dream's shirt.

He let go of the fabric as he started making his way out of bed. Wincing slightly at the soreness in his ass and legs.

And right then, he started faintly remembering how the previous night had went.

He looked down at himself once more, recognizing how this had been the shirt Dream had worn under his suit jacket.

And, Dream.

He'd gone hard on him, punishing him.

And as it all came back to George in full detail, the feeling he felt during all of it, Dream's pheromones washing over him, the intense vibrations, his hands, his voice. George couldn't fight the smile that found it's way to his lips even if he tried.

That whole thing had been insanely hot, he'd been pushed to limits he didn't even know he had. And he'd.. enjoyed it.

Dream had been so angry with him, and somehow.. that had been so hot.

But as he stood there, thinking back on the previous evening, he did feel bad about one thing.

Sapnap.

He never told Sapnap where he was going, he just full on left him at the bar. He must be truly worried about him now.

So, George started looking around for his phone, deciding it was best he texts him and let him know he's alive and well.

And luckily, it didn't take long for him to find his phone on his nightstand, connected to a charger.

How sweet of Dream, apparently he'd not only carried him back here and dressed him in his own shirt, he'd also put his phone on charge.

Something about it made George feel a bit warm, knowing the alpha had cared for him. Apparently even cleaned him up after that whole mess, as he knew he came several times but there wasn't a drop of cum left on his body once he woke up.

George grabbed his phone and went into his text chats. Only to find Dream was the only person he'd texted with.

Right.

This was a brand new phone, he hadn't texted with Sapnap on it yet.

So, he exited his texts and went to his contacts, deciding to find Sapnap there so he could text him.

But as he opened his contacts, the only person in there was Dream. Again.

Oh.

George exhaled, locking his phone. He was bad with remembering phone numbers, could barely even remember his own. He'd sort of always relied on his phone having all of his contacts saved.

But it seems he has to start over from scratch now.

He stood up, walking over to the door that led to his walk-in closet, which Dream had stacked up with a whole bunch of new expensive clothes when he moved in there.

The closet wasn't super spacious, but definitely big enough to walk around in. And it did have more than enough space for all his clothing.

At the very corner of the closet, Dream had placed a few blankets and pillows for him, just in case he'd ever need more of that. They were all in soft baby blues and pink colors as well.

Something George lightly rolled his eyes at when Dream first showed it to him, as it was such typical omega colors.

George unbuttoned the shirt he was wearing, carefully folding it up to place in an empty drawer in his closet. He then got some new clothes for himself and got dressed. Picking a black hoodie with some simple gray sweats.

Once he'd gotten dressed, he exited the closet, then went to the door. But right as he grabbed the door handle, he halted. Seeing himself in the full body mirror on the wall next to the door. He wet his lips, gaze roaming over his reflection.

He then pulled a slight face, fixing his hair in place since it looked all messed up.

But then he turned around, a light curiosity buzzing in the back of his mind. His hand moving down to lift the hoodie up, his other hand going to push down the waistband of his sweats.

And there it was. Two large, red handprints on his ass. One on each cheek.

He felt a rush from seeing it, his lips parting slightly. It filled him with a strange, prideful feeling, seeing those marks on his body. Dream's handprints looking so large on him.

He shut his eyes, snapping himself out of it.

This behavior was near embarrassing, what's wrong with him? He shouldn't be enjoying this whole thing this much.

He pushed his pants back up, glancing back one more time at his bed, deciding to leave his phone behind for now.

He then opened the door and walked out.

He didn't exactly make any effort to sneak as he walked towards the exit hallway, barely looking over his shoulder as he walked through the apartment.

Cause it's not like he was scared of Dream or anything like that. And maybe he'd even allow George to leave and see Sapnap if he asked nicely.

But he wasn't gonna ask. He was just gonna head out and see what happens. Worst case, Dream sees him again and punishes him once more.

And he struggled to see that as a bad thing anyways.

As he got to the door, he grabbed his jacket and put his shoes on.

He then threw a quick glance over his shoulder, seeing no angry alpha in sight, before opening the door and walking out.

The moment Sapnap spotted George walking into the coffee shop, George could see him go through a whole range of emotion.

He seemed almost shocked at first, then relieved. But then it quickly switched to annoyance, frustration.

“Fuck you, George. I was so fucking worried about you, I thought you’d been kidnapped and killed or something.”

George walked over to sit by the counter, exhaling heavily.

“Sapnap.”

“You need to tell me what the fuck happened. Right now. Where were you yesterday?”

George’s gaze dropped, and he struggled to think of what to say for a moment.

Should he just tell him he’s got a Sugar Daddy?

A quite.. controlling one at that.

Somehow it felt embarrassing to speak about it. Admit to it.

“George!”

Sapnap said, seeming to have very little patience with him and his silence.

So, George started speaking,

“I basically found this.. guy, who wants to give me money and stuff. So now I have money. And stuff.”

Sapnap looked at him as if he was insane or something.

“What are you talking about?”

George sighed,

“I got one of those.. contacts.”

“What contacts?”

George groaned,

“You’re an idiot, Sapnap.”

“What? You’re the one who went and disappeared, then you come in here talking shit, what fucking contact?”

George rubbed his face, feeling frustrated.

“The ones who give you money and stuff.”

Sapnap stared at him, seemingly absolutely clueless on what on earth he was referring to.

His expression then changed, as it seemed like he was starting to get at what George meant. He then parted his lips to speak, then shut them again. Then repeated it once more, seemingly very hesitant to even guess.

But finally, he said,

“You don’t mean a Sugar Daddy, right?”

“I don’t know, maybe.”

George mumbled, seeing the disapproval in Sapnap’s eyes.

“George. You’re not telling me you got a Sugar Daddy. Right?”

To this, George couldn’t help but laugh. Letting out an embarrassed noise as he sunk down in his seat, placing his cheek against the counter.

“So how is this connected to you disappearing yesterday?”

George rose up slightly, trying to find the right words before saying,

“He was mad at me for going out. Said it was against the contract and stuff, I don’t know.”

“The what?”

Sapnap exclaimed, once again looking at him as if he was crazy. Or more like he’d done something crazy.

“You have a contract with this guy?”

George gave a slight shrug, as if it made total sense for him to have such a thing.

Sapnap let out a scoff,

“I wanna see it. Let me read the contract.”

“Why?”

George said, sounding a bit flustered now. He’d barely gone through the contract himself, he wasn’t even sure what was said in it.

But sure, it did make sense for Sapnap to wanna look through it, as he’d actually studied law for a year before dropping out a few years back.

But there really was something quite exposing about showing it to him.

“George, show me the contract. Do you have it on you?”

George patted his jacket, feeling he did indeed still have the folded up papers in one of his pockets.

“No.”

He lied.

Sapnap saw right through it,

“Yes you do, you got them right there. Give me the contract, dumbass. I wanna look at it.”

“Why do you wanna read it so bad?”

“Did you have a single lawyer look at it before signing it?”

“No.”

“Then let me look at it.”

“You’re not a lawyer, Sapnap.”

“Shut up, just give me the contract.”

“Fine, I’ll show it to you if you pay me.”

“Fuck off, you just said you have money now, you don’t need more of it. Just show me the stupid contract, George!”

George groaned, knowing they’d get nowhere if he didn’t let him read it.

So, he took the papers out of his pocket and put it on the counter.

“There, dumbnap.”

Sapnap rolled his eyes, ignoring his comment as he started unfolding the papers so he could read through the contract.

As he did, George watched his facial expression change from distaste to judgment to disgust.

It definitely worried him.

“Tell me what it says.”

George demanded then, hating what his silent reactions could be pointing to.

“Fine. He just has a lot of rules for you. It says you have to live with him, and that you have to tell him before you do anything. If you wanna leave the house he needs to give you permission first. You’re only allowed to see people he’s approved of, which is no alphas under any circumstances, apparently.”

Sapnap glanced up at George,

“Did you tell him you went here to see me?”

George shook his head, to which Sapnap’s brows raised slightly,

“You know he can sue you for just being here right now, right? This is an actual contract, George.”

“Whatever, what else does it say?”

George said, knowing Dream would probably go with other means of punishment if that happened. Just like last time.

The guy doesn’t exactly need money, why would he sue? Punishing him is way more useful to him.

“It says some weird stuff like you’re not allowed to drink coffee, or alcohol.”

George nodded. Good thing he didn’t really drink any of that anyways.

“And then there’s pretty much a whole bunch of stuff about how you need to be unmated and always do whatever he tells you to do. Be ‘obedient’.”

George’s gaze drifted slightly as he thought back on the previous night, Dream’s words echoing in his head saying he needed to be punished.

His cheeks heated up slightly just then, and he tried to think of other things.

“George. This is a psycho, what the fuck have you gotten yourself into?”

George took the contract out of his hands, taking it back to start folding up the papers again.

“It’s fine.”

He mumbled.

“No it’s not, what the fuck is up with this guy? It’s like he wants a pure little omega he can control or something.”

“It’s not like that.”

“It literally is, though. He’s even made you sign a contract for it.”

Right then, the bell by the door rang, and Sapnap looked up at the costumer approaching. He then glanced at George again, quickly saying,

“It’s so clear he already has a grasp on you as well, you reek of alpha.”

He then walked over to serve the costumer, leaving George with those words.

Objectively, George could see how bad the situation might seem. But, it didn’t feel like it.

The rules that he has to live by, when he breaks them all he gets is a punishment. One that wasn’t so bad actually.

He didn’t mind it when Dream got angry with him, went rough on him.

Kinda liked it, even.

Something about that whole thing made his mind and body just melt.

George stood up, realizing he’d probably been gone for too long at this point.

“Sapnap,”

He said, gaining his attention as he’d just finished taking the costumer’s order.

“Write down your number so I can text you later.”

George then said, to which Sapnap looked a bit confused. But he did as he was told, writing it down on a piece of paper before handing it to George.

George then waved goodbye to him, pocketing the note as he went to the exit.

George felt slightly nervous as he watched the elevator number rise, taking him all the way up to floor sixty nine.

What if he immediately runs into Dream? He'd once again catch him breaking the contract.

But then, there was also a part of him that almost hoped he would. Excited for it, even. Wondering what sort of punishment he'd give him this time around.

The elevator dinged softly and George stepped out of it, walking towards the door to Dream's apartment.

Luckily, it was still unlocked as he pressed the door handle. So he easily opened the door before walking inside.

But the moment he shut the door behind himself, someone cleared their throat.

George looked to the side, finding Dream standing there with arms crossed over his chest. Dressed in a black hoodie with green stripes along the sleeves, and black sweatpants to match. On his feet were jogging shoes. It seemed he'd dressed up to work out or something.

"Where have you been, George?"

"I took a walk."

He lied, holding his gaze on the alpha. His heart beating slightly faster in his chest as he'd been caught.

"Just a walk? Nothing else?"

Dream asked.

"Why? What do you think I was doing?"

"Seeing some alpha, I guess."

“What would you do if I did?”

George asked, truly playing with fire. His body feeling slightly hotter as he acted so bravely. His mind running with what could happen next.

Dream stepped forward, getting close to George. Making him step backwards, his back hitting the door as Dream placed a hand on it, right next to his face. Trapping him between his body and the door.

“Did you meet up with another alpha, George?”

Dream asked, truly putting the heat on him.

“Dream..”

George spoke faintly, gaze dropping to Dream’s chest.

“Look at me, George.”

His gaze traveled up to Dream’s eyes, locking with his gaze.

Dream held his gaze for a moment, as if trying to read his mind.

He then leaned down to smell him, and George felt even more hugged by the alpha’s scent, making his face heat up as tingles rushed through him.

Dream then stepped back, nodding. Seeming pleased to find he didn’t smell like another alpha, apparently.

“Tell me next time you go on a walk. I don’t wanna have to punish you again, George.”

He said, gaze piercing him.

George gave a faint nod, holding his gaze as he looked at him through his lashes. His heart dropping slightly as it seemed Dream bought his story.

Dream’s gaze then dropped,

“Are you okay, by the way?”

A sweet, caring tint to his voice. A hint of worry in there as well.

“Why are you asking me that?”

George asked, keeping his gaze on him.

Dream gave a slight huff,

“What do you mean, ‘why’? I went pretty hard on you yesterday, George.”

George’s face heated up even further from the mention of ‘yesterday’, his mind constantly reminding him of the whole thing.

And hearing Dream mention it like this made him feel all flustered.

“I’m fine.”

George mumbled, eager to get off the topic before he turns into a whole tomato.

And knowing Dream worried about if he was okay or not, with such a sweet tone to his voice, definitely did something to the omega in him.

Luckily, it seemed like Dream was good with that answer, and moved onto asking,

“Have you eaten yet?”

“No.”

“Are you hungry?”

“I don’t know, maybe.”

Dream let out a faint huff,

“Eat something. The fridge is stocked with food. If you hate it, just order something on my card. It’s on the kitchen counter.”

George nodded, wetting his lips. A warm feeling spreading through his body.

“I’m gonna head out for a quick run. Don’t go anywhere.”

Dream then said, going past him to get to the door.

He watched Dream head out, giving a quick wave to George before shutting the door behind himself.

Then, he was all alone.

George walked to the fridge, opening it to find there was indeed a lot of food in there. A lot of different things he could eat.

But there was also something so very intriguing about what Dream had said.. about ordering on his card.

He simply couldn’t resist that.

So, he ended up ordering from three different takeout places, getting a whole buffet as he couldn’t decide on just one thing.

And the food arrived in no time, as if stuff just work quicker for rich people or something.

Once he had all the food he’d ordered, he laid it all out on the coffee table, then put the tv on before he started eating.

Truly, this felt like paradise. The dream life.

Soon after George had finished eating, Dream came back from his run. He walked into the living room, his hair damp and sweat dripping down his face as he seemed to be catching his breath still. His gaze taking in the mess George had made on the table.

George almost expected him to get mad just then, as it was quite the mess in his otherwise pristine living room.

But instead Dream cracked a smile, letting out a laugh.

“I see you ordered food.”

“No.”

George said, making Dream scoff as it was painfully obvious he did.

Dream then began to take his hoodie off, making George look away from him, forcing his gaze over to the tv.

Dream then casually draped the hoodie over the back of the sofa before stretching his arms above his head, now only wearing a t shirt.

“I’m gonna take a shower.”

He mumbled, leaving the living room to go to the bathroom instead.

The moment he’d left the room, George looked over at the hoodie.

There was some distance between where he sat and the hoodie itself, but somehow he could still faintly feel the scent from it.

He swallowed, fighting the urge to grab it and feel more of that scent. Forcing his gaze back to the tv, trying to focus on whatever was happening on the screen.

But he truly couldn’t focus, the scent practically calling his name, pulling at him.

Barely a minute passed before he gave into it.

Moving over to grab the hoodie, putting it to his face. Shutting his eyes as he inhaled the scent.

The moment he did, he almost grew faint from it. The scent was intoxicating, and so, so strong.

The alpha had clearly been sweating in this, but it wasn’t any sort of off putting scent by any means. It was entirely the opposite.

It made his whole body heat up, his breathing go uneven. His legs weak. A faint sound slipping past his lips.

As he felt slick begin to come out of him just then, George realized he had to snap out of it.

He pulled the hoodie away from his face, lips parted as he kept his eyes shut, tipping his head back slightly as he tried to clear his head. Exhaling with a faint groan escaping him.

But immediately, he felt a strange attachment to the item. He needed to keep it. Have it. The thing belonged to him now.

So he stood up, his legs slightly unsteady below him as he started walking towards his room.

Once George got to his room, he went into the closet. Opening the drawer where he'd placed Dream's other shirt earlier that morning. He then folded up the hoodie and placed it there with the other item, before shutting the drawer again.

He then drew a deep breath, exhaling as he tried to take his mind off of it. Focus on something else.

He pushed himself away from the drawer, then headed off towards the living room again.

There, he grabbed his phone and went to the texting app.

He started writing a new message, but had to rewrite it several times over as he struggled to focus properly. His mind screaming at him to go back to the hoodie, almost craving to feel that scent again.

Eventually he managed to get the message right, and dug into his pocket to get out the number he'd gotten from Sapnap. And after typing it in, he sent him the message.

It wasn't anything special, mostly a simple text to make sure he had the right number and everything.

Once he'd sent the text, he locked his phone. He then tapped on it impatiently with his fingers, tipping his head back with a frustrated sigh.

He could not stop thinking about that hoodie.

He hated when his omega brain took over like this, and wouldn't allow him to even think about anything else. When the omega in him wants something, focusing on anything else becomes near impossible.

He placed the phone on the coffee table, spinning it a few times as his leg started shaking impatiently. He hoped Sapnap would answer him soon, get his mind off of it. Somehow.

Maybe he'd say something so absolutely, monumentally stupid that it could snap George out of this.

He sighed, running his hand through his hair. He then ruffled his hair, then rubbed it with both hands before letting out a frustrated groan, pulling his hands down along his face.

He held out for about two more minutes. Two minutes of nothing but focused restraint, fighting the omega in him.

But two minutes was all he could take. Getting up from the sofa, fully giving into it. Almost running towards his room.

As soon as George reached his room again, he shut the door behind himself. Gaze immediately going to the closet door.

He barely spared another second, walking over to it, opening the door before walking straight to the drawer once again.

As soon as he opened it, he felt Dream's strong scent hit him. He drew a shuddered breath as he reached down to pull the hoodie out. He then shut the drawer and walked over with the hoodie to the pile of pillows and blankets by the corner of his closet, sitting down on it.

He stared at the hoodie for a moment, feeling the fabric between his fingertips, before bringing it to his face.

Inhaling deeply, he felt warmth spread throughout his body, and blood rush south.

He laid down on his back - pillows and blankets soft underneath him - keeping the hoodie close to his face as his mind went all foggy.

He opened his mouth, feeling his sensitive lips against the fabric of the hoodie, and a small moan escaped from his throat as he took another breath. Inhaling the strong scent of sweat. Dream's sweat.

He shut his eyes and buckled his hips up into nothing. His heart was beating fast and hard, and he felt entirely surrounded by Dream.

He grabbed at the fabric as he pulled it even closer, a moan mixed with a whimper escaping his lips before he swallowed, his mouth and throat dry.

He licked his lips, accidentally licking the fabric of the hoodie in the process.

One of his hands let go of the hoodie to start trailing down his stomach, abdomen and down to pause at his sweats.

His breathing was heavy and uneven as his fingers twitched slightly, wanting to touch and get release for that immense feeling he felt from Dream's scent. Clouding all of his senses, driving him absolutely insane.

He couldn't believe he wasn't in heat right now, it almost felt like it.

But the reason he knew he wasn't in heat, was because he still had some sense of reason left. He knew this was weird, and questionable behavior. Not something he wanted to risk Dream seeing.

But then on the other hand, it almost felt like he couldn't hold back even if he wanted to.

He was hard, and all he wanted was to get off. And get off to the scent of that hoodie more specifically.

So, George pushed his hand under the waistband of his sweats, grabbing his hard dick.

He bit at his bottom lip as he started stroking himself slowly, taking in another deep breath of the scent that made his toes curl. He then dropped his bottom lip to let out a moan,

"Fuck.."

He breathed out as he pulled the hoodie slightly off of his face, moving it to only cover his nose and mouth.

His eyes opened and he could see the white ceiling above him through hooded eyes.

George couldn't remember ever feeling this aroused before, by anyone. Or any scent. How could a simple scent bring him to a state like this?

Maybe he just hadn't been around enough alphas in his life. Maybe Dream gave off stronger alpha pheromones than other alphas, or something like that.

He did seem quite dominant, after all, and he truly was an alpha. The type who would be the leader if he was part of a pack.

There must be something to that. Taller, more dominant alphas probably give off stronger, more intense pheromones. Ones no omega can resist.

He brushed his thumb over the slit of his dick and moaned softly as his eyes slipped shut again. He then pumped himself harder and started going at a faster pace, his toes curling and his mind racing.

His mouth fell open with his heavy panting and a few whimpers and moans slipped through as his brows knitted. And suddenly, he could see Dream in his head.

Dream leaning in close to him and whispering next to his ear, Dream's hand pumping his dick like this instead of himself doing it.

“Ah- Dream-“

He panted out as he threw his head to the side, the hoodie almost slipping off of his face.

“Dream- Dream- Dre-“

His toes curled again, and he felt close to coming.

And with one final deep inhale, he felt the scent completely surround him, and suddenly he was coming hard in his hand.

His eyes squeezed shut as needy, strained moans slipped from his lips, together with Dream's name, as he thrust his head back against one of the pillows behind him.

His hips buckled up into the air, into his fist to catch the last parts of his intense orgasm, before he finally sunk back into the soft pillows and blankets. His chest rising and falling with his hard breathing.

George ran a hand over his face, collecting himself as he was catching his breath.

Pulling the hoodie off his face and placing it to the side. He then stared up at the ceiling.

He really hadn't experienced anything like that before. Usually he barely even register alphas scents. Only finding them annoying, really.

But Dream's scent was different. He was different.

And George still wasn't sure on why that was.

Maybe he'd have to Google later about dominant alphas and such, if this is a common thing to experience around alphas like Dream.

He stayed on that spot for a while as he tried collecting himself. Laying slightly curled up on the soft pile of pillows and blankets, the scent of the alpha comforting as the hoodie laid next to him.

He almost felt like he could stay there forever in that moment, his eyelids heavy as he felt all warm and comfortable in that space.

But he knew he couldn't stay there for long. And he also really needed to go wash up after getting off.

So, he got back up on his feet, putting the hoodie back into the drawer. He then left to take a much needed shower.

The next time George saw Dream was the evening of the next day.

He'd been gone pretty much the whole day, doing meetings and working. He'd left George his card so he could order food for himself, and buy anything else he desired, but he never mentioned when he'd get back home again.

So George was surprised when he walked out of his room late that evening, finding Dream sat on one of the living room sofas, staring at a chess board.

He'd placed it right next to where he had the digital fireplace going on his coffee table, the flames illuminating his features as he had a focused look on his face.

George walked over to him, gaze scanning the chess pieces. He seemed to be playing against himself, but still it looked as if he was losing.

George didn't say a word as he walked around to sit down on the sofa opposite of him. And Dream didn't even look up at him as he did. Almost as if he was unaware of him even being there.

"You know how to play chess?"

Dream mumbled suddenly, keeping his gaze on the chess board.

So he did know he was there.

"Maybe."

George mumbled, gaze flickering between Dream and the chess pieces.

He did know how to play. Good, even. That's also why he wasn't gonna tell Dream about it. Bluffing is part of pretty much any game there is.

"Wanna play?"

Dream then asked, gaze flickering to him before falling onto the pieces again.

"I don't know, what will you give me if I win?"

Dream cracked a smile at that, a light in his eyes. His hand reaching down to move a chess piece.

George's gaze followed his movements, finding him taking a significant lead with the move he'd just made.

Shocking, he thought he was gonna lose.

"You're not gonna win, George."

Dream said, that smile still playing on his lips.

"Why do you say that?"

George asked. Studying his face, his eyes, lips.

Dream didn't answer. His smile simply grew bigger as he leaned back. His gaze traveling up to meet George's.

"You wanna play or not?"

They started a new game, one that George felt quite confident in.

At least for the first five minutes of it.

Then, it started turning around. Dream took him by surprise with a few moves, and suddenly George found himself on the losing side.

He tried not to let it show on his expression, his gaze flickering between Dream and the chess

pieces every time it was his turn.

But once Dream said,

“Checkmate.”

George groaned, throwing his head back in frustration.

He then looked at Dream,

“Again. Go again!”

Dream was fighting back a smile at his childish reaction to losing.

“Alright, fine. Let’s go again, George.”

They restarted the game, and George did the first move.

Dream still had a small smile dancing on his lips as he contemplated his next move, and it bothered George. He glared at him, annoyed at his confidence.

He wasn’t gonna win this next one. George was not going to allow it.

“Why are you smiling like that?”

George mumbled.

“I don’t know,”

Dream mumbled, moving one of his pawns.

“I guess it’s funny how you think you will win.”

Dream said, drawing a breath as he looked at George.

George stared back at him, trying to look intimidating. Challenging his intense gaze.

Eventually, he had to drop it. Feeling his cheeks heat up as he was looking into his eyes.

He scoffed lightly, moving one of his own chess pieces,

“You’re so annoying, Dream.”

This only made Dream smile even more, making his next move much faster this time,

“Oh am I?”

George huffed, rolling his eyes.

And he was getting distracted now, as well. Dream was being an idiot who’s distracting him, stopping him from winning.

“Shut up.”

George mumbled, making Dream crack up.

They remained silent as they did a few more moves each.

But despite getting his focus back, George found himself losing once again.

As he was sat with only two possible moves to choose between, both of which would lead him to lose, George just stared. As if the entire board would change somehow if he didn’t make any actual moves. As if he wins if he stops here.

“Georgee.. what move are you gonna do next?”

Dream said, his tone mocking.

George’s gaze flickered to him, then to the chess pieces.

“I hate you, Dream.”

George mumbled, annoyed to once again be losing.

He didn’t even understand how, he always wins at chess.

Dream scoffed,

“You don’t mean that.”

“I do.”

“George.”

George put his bottom lip between his teeth, trying to think of something. Anything.

And then finally, he realized.

If he moves Dream’s queen one step to the side, he can use his own knight to beat him.

It was absolutely against the rules, definitely cheating and not at all how chess is meant to be played, but George didn’t care.

He swiftly moved the two pieces, then clapped his hands together,

“Checkmate, idiot! Wooo!!”

“What? George! You cheated!”

“No, I won.”

“You won, by cheating.”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Yes, you did.”

“No.”

Dream shook his head,

“Fine. If you wanna win by not actually winning then that’s fine by me. If that’s what you need to do to win then..”

“I don’t need to cheat to win.”

“Alright, then prove it.”

“Fine, I will.”

And so, they started another game.

After playing three more rounds, all of which George kept losing, he was starting to get truly frustrated.

It still seemed amusing to Dream, however. A small smile dancing on his lips most of the time they were playing.

But as George lost his third time in a row, Dream spoke up,

“Alright, I think you need some motivation, so how about this. If you win a game, I’ll give you a prize. But only if you win, without cheating, George.”

George huffed,

“What’s the prize?”

Dream leaned forward, that smug smile still on his lips,

“A kiss.”

George’s brows knit slightly as he pulled back, feeling heat rush to his face.

“What? How is that a prize?”

“Because you wanna kiss me.”

“No. I don’t.”

Dream shook his head slightly, still smiling. Putting the chess pieces back into their starting positions.

“George. Come on.”

He glanced up at him, making George avert his gaze immediately.

“I don’t wanna kiss you, Dream.”

He mumbled, hoping Dream couldn’t see right through him just then.

Dream gave a huff in response, as he began shrugging off his suit jacket before putting it next to him. He then made his first move.

“Your turn.”

He mumbled, waiting for George to make his move.

It was the most tense game so far. George kept fighting with himself on whether he even wanted to win or not.

Did he want to kiss him?

No.

...right?

It’s not like it’s something he’s been craving or feeling a desire to-

Right as he was having that train of thought, his brain reminded him of how he’d been acting just the previous day, practically licking his hoodie for simply smelling like Dream.

But that didn’t have to mean he wants to kiss him.

He only reacted like that because he’s an alpha. He’d probably react the same to any dominant alphas scent. His pheromones are probably just a bit stronger to any omega.

Besides, why was Dream even suggesting this? Did he want to kiss him?

Why would he want to kiss him?

“George.”

Dream’s voice snapped him out of his thoughts, making him look up at the man across from him.

“It’s your turn.”

Dream mumbled, giving a nod at the chess board.

George drew a breath, focusing back on the game at hand.

“What were you thinking about just now?”

Dream asked as he watched his contemplative expression.

“Nothing.”

George mumbled.

“You sure you weren’t thinking about kissing me or something?”

George gave an attempted scoff, right as the very mental image of him and Dream kissing came to the very front of his mind.

He quickly blinked, trying to shake it off before it became evident by the pink tint on his cheeks what he was thinking about.

“I don’t think about you.”

George then mumbled defensively, despite it being painfully untrue.

He then made his next move, and it was Dream’s turn.

Dream, who held that smug smile on his lips, mumbling,

“I’m so sure.”

As he swiftly made his own move.

George then looked at the board, finding... if he made one move with his knight, he'd win.

He glanced up at Dream, almost wondering if he'd caught the same thing.

But then he also worried the opportunity would slip from his hands if he didn't take it.

So, George reached out and swiftly did his move.

"Checkmate."

He said, an excited smile blossoming across his lips.

Dream raised his brows at him, giving an impressed expression.

"Good job, George. You won."

"Woo!"

George said, feeling quite triumphant as he let out a laughter.

Dream seemed amused by his reaction, shaking his head as he started replacing the chess pieces to restart the game.

"Wanna go another round?"

He then asked, to which George huffed,

"I don't know, maybe. Depends on if you wanna lose again or not."

Dream almost rolled his eyes at his newfound confidence, a smile dancing on his lips as he started setting up the game for them to play again.

George then paused. Keeping his gaze on Dream as he finished setting up the game, then made his first move.

It sort of dawned on George right then..

His prize. He was supposed to kiss him.

Did he forget about that?

Maybe George should be happy he did, means he got away from having to kiss Dream.

But... did he actually forget about it?

And why did it bother him so much?

They played the round silently, but George was barely paying attention to the moves he made. The question kept gnawing at the back of his head and he kept feeling annoyed by it.

And eventually, he just full on blurted out,

“I thought you were supposed to kiss me.”

He could see a smile twitch at the corner of Dream’s lips, before he said,

“I didn’t know you wanted it so bad.”

“I don’t.”

“Fine. Then I won’t do it.”

George watched Dream move one of his pawns, and he wet his lips. His gaze flickering to Dream’s face.

He felt speechless.

Cause, it’s not like he wanted him to do it.

But he said he’d do it.

Was it so wrong of him to expect him to follow through with that?

“I just figured you’re someone who sticks to your word.”

George mumbled after they’d played for another silent two minutes.

“I can kiss you if you want it so bad, George. Just say the word and I’ll do it.”

“I didn’t say I want to kiss you.”

Dream sighed, then did a final move.

“Checkmate.”

George looked at the board. He wasn’t surprised he’d lost just now, he truly hadn’t been paying attention at all to this round.

“Alright, I think I’m done.”

Dream then said as he stood up, standing tall in front of George.

“I’m heading off to bed, got an early meeting tomorrow.”

He started walking around the sofa, leaving George with this strong urgency to do something.

It’s not like he wanted to kiss him, but..

He made a promise.

Was he just gonna bail on that?

“Dream.”

He spoke up, watching Dream pause and look over at him.

“What, George?”

Kiss me.

Is what he wanted to say in that moment. The words almost slipping off his tongue. The very thought of it making him feel all hot.

What the hell is wrong with him?

Why did he even think about saying such a thing?

He half cringed at himself for his thoughts, then proceeded to mumble,

“Goodnight.”

To Dream, who smiled warmly at him.

He then took a few steps towards George, stopping right next to the sofa where he was sat.

George glanced up at him, his heart speeding up in his chest as Dream started leaning down. His eyes fluttering shut as he prepared himself for the kiss.

He then felt Dream press a kiss to his forehead, pulling back slightly to mumble,

“There’s your prize.”

George opened his eyes again, a slight huff escaping him. Watching Dream pull back and turn away from him as he started walking away, leaving him with two final words,

“Goodnight, George.”

The moment Dream left the room, George pushed his hands into his hair. Groaning as he felt a flush of embarrassment overtake him. The spot where Dream had kissed him almost tingling slightly, almost as if he still lingered there.

It wasn’t exactly what he’d had in mind for that kiss.

But it’s not like he wanted more or anything.

He glanced to the side, seeing black fabric on the white sofa.

As he turned his head to look at it, he realized exactly what it was.

Dream's suit jacket.

George threw a glance over at the door before he looked at the fabric again. He then leaned over, grabbing it before sitting back again. Clutching it to his chest.

He then brought the fabric to his face, his eyes falling shut as he inhaled the scent.

And there it was again, that feeling he got from Dream's scent. Warmth, safety and comfort. Heat and want.

He felt his mind growing foggy the more he smelled it, and he knew it was only a matter of time before slick would start coming out of him, again.

So he pulled the jacket from his face, holding a tight grasp on it as he rose from the sofa.

He then began walking towards his room, going straight to the closet. Finding the drawer he had exclusively for Dream's stuff.

He then opened the drawer, and stared at it's contents. Gripping the jacket in his hand a bit tighter.

His plan was to just throw this one in there along with the rest of his stuff, but he suddenly had an urge to do something else with it.

And before he could give it much thought, he grabbed all of the fabric from the drawer and walked over to the pile of blankets and pillows in the corner of the closet.

He then laid down on it, along with the three pieces of clothing he had from Dream.

He curled up on the pile of softness, hugging one of the clothing items to his chest, feeling the comforting scent of alpha surround him. The warmth from the blankets and pillows along with Dream's scent felt like a warm embrace. Comforting him and easing his mind.

He'd only really planned on laying there for a moment, just to see what it felt like. Embrace himself with the comforting softness of the pillows and blankets, along with the scent from the alpha.

But he soon found it to be so comfortable, he drifted off to sleep.

The next few days, George kept on finding items that belonged to Dream, and stored them away in his closet. Adding all of it to his little nest in the corner.

Most of it was clothing items, but he also got a hold of a watch and a tie at some points. Along with some other stuff that had Dream's scent lingering on it.

The biggest jackpot was perhaps one day when he found a blanket in the living room, left there after Dream had gone off to work. George had picked it up, put it to his face, and found it to smell strongly of Dream.

Immediately, it became his favorite addition to the nest.

He barely even registered what he was doing as he was collecting all of the things. His brain just immediately went into omega mode as he spotted them, feeling Dream's scent hit his nostrils and knowing immediately he had to add it to the nest.

Laying there, with all of the things that reminded him of and smelled like the alpha, just made him feel all safe and warm. Protected, even. In some strange way he couldn't explain.

He grew so fond of it, he found himself going to his nest several times per week. Sometimes just to ease his mind for a moment, and other times he'd fall on sleep there for the night.

"I have a gift for you, George."

He looked up from his phone, right at the same time as Dream placed a box in his lap.

It was a sleek looking box with a simple, silver colored bow on it. Definitely from some type of designer brand.

That day was just a regular day like any other, Dream had been away at meetings a lot during the day and George had went to see Sapnap at the coffee shop, then went back home to enjoy some video games he'd made Dream buy for him.

But he hadn't asked him for anything special in a little while, so he was absolutely clueless when Dream dropped a box in his lap all of a sudden.

George looked up at Dream,

“Why?”

“Because you’ve been behaving so well lately. You deserve a reward for it.”

George gave a slight huff, looking at the box in his lap again.

“Open it.”

Dream beckoned, watching George trace the box with his fingertips.

“Alright, fine.”

George mumbled, undoing the bow that held it together, allowing the silky material to slip off from it before he took the lid off.

Inside, laid some nicely folded up baby pink fabric.

He took it out of the box, the thing unfolding as he held it up, revealing it to be a sweater.

The fabric was nice, it must’ve been stupidly expensive for such a simple piece of clothing.

“I think you’d look good in this color.”

Dream said as he watched George, who gave a slight scoff.

He rarely ever wore pink. Mostly because he felt like it would pretty much give the same effect as if he was wearing a big sign on his chest saying he’s an omega.

But Dream was right, it was a nice color. And the fact that it was a gift from him kinda made George want to wear it.

“Do you like it?”

Dream then asked.

George gave a smile as he nodded faintly, placing the sweater back in his lap so he could look it over some more.

So, Dream was pleased with his behavior lately. He'd been well behaved, stayed indoors a lot and done what he wanted him to do.

Which had also resulted in Dream leaving him alone a lot lately. Almost as if he felt he was starting to trust that he was behaving, and didn't need any sort of punishment.

Something about that bothered George.

It's not like he wanted Dream to punish him again or anything... it's not like he's been thinking about it pretty much nonstop since it happened.

Not at all.

...

Or maybe that's exactly how it is, actually.

Maybe he did want it to happen again, be at absolute mercy by the hands of the alpha. Be overtaken by his angry pheromones, have Dream use his alpha voice on him again.

He felt a strange sense of craving to experience all of that again. Which hit him just a little bit extra as Dream was rewarding him for behaving well.

He didn't want to be rewarded.

He wanted to be punished.

George tried the sweater on later that evening, admiring how well the color actually did suit him as he checked himself out in the mirror.

But as he stood there looking at the sweater, his previous thoughts kept gnawing at the back of his mind.

This was a reward.

He was behaving well.

He didn't want to be well behaved.

With that thought, he took out his phone. Finding his text conversation with Sapnap before typing

out a message,

‘Wanna head out tonight? :)’

“So how did you get permission to go to this place, with me?”

Sapnap asked as the two of them reached the nightclub.

They’d decided on going there instead of their regular place for the night. Mostly because George felt it would probably bother Dream even more if he’s out at a club rather than a chill bar.

“I didn’t.”

George responded to Sapnap, right before walking into the place.

The music was loud as they stepped inside, the type where the bass could be felt through their entire bodies as it was playing.

And the air was almost difficult to breathe, as the pheromones were strong and reeked of arousal and desperation. Alphas, omegas and betas mingling and dancing all over the place. Everyone looking to mate with someone.

As they pushed their way forward through the crowd, George worried all kinds of scents would stick and cling onto his clothing.

But then he remembered, wasn’t that exactly the goal? Why he’s actually out there? The more he smells like other alphas, the angrier Dream will get.

The bigger his punishment will be.

Walking right behind Sapnap, George felt someone suddenly grab his arm, yank him back.

He looked at the person, finding it to be an alpha with an absolutely terrible scent. It had a sour tint to it, mixed with desperation and sweat.

“You’re an omega.”

The alpha said, almost sounding hungry as he spoke.

“Hey, fuck off, dude!”

Sapnap was quick to say the moment he caught what was going on.

But George didn't want him to interfere. This was exactly what he came here for, this was his goal.

"Just go, Sapnap."

He said, nudging him slightly with his elbow.

"What?! I'm not leaving you with this asshole!"

"Sapnap!"

George exclaimed, starting to regret going to this place with his alpha friend instead of just going alone.

"Hey, back off! He doesn't want you here, take the hint!"

The other alpha said to Sapnap, whilst pulling George back, pulling him close to his body.

George had to swallow, almost holding his breath to avoid having to breathe in that awful scent.

Sapnap looked between the two, a confused yet disappointed look in his eyes as he looked at George.

"What the fuck is wrong with you, George?"

"Just go.. get something to drink."

George said, avoiding his friend's gaze. It would make him feel too guilty, looking into his eyes in that moment.

"And leave you with this idiot?"

George looked at him,

"Sapnap."

He said, sounding exasperated.

Sapnap gave them both another look, before shaking his head disapprovingly.

“Fine, George. Whatever you say, I guess.”

He then mumbled, an annoyed look on his face as he turned his back to them. He then started pushing his way through the crowd, moving towards the bar.

Seems like he caved, did what George asked of him.

Left him alone with this other alpha.

“Is that your alpha or something?”

He said next to George’s ear as Sapnap disappeared through the crowd.

“No.”

George said back, leaning away from the alpha slightly, whilst also grimacing a bit at the very thought of Sapnap being his alpha.

“Are you mated?”

The alpha then asked.

“No.”

George mumbled.

He could feel the alpha put his hands on his hips after that answer.

“Maybe we should change that tonight then.”

George rolled his eyes, something the alpha couldn’t see as he had his back turned to him.

“Your scent is amazing..”

The alpha then said, dipping down to smell his neck.

George grimaced, fighting the urge to push him off. Every single bone in his body was screaming

at him to do so.
The whole thing felt so incredibly wrong.

“What’s that vibrating?”

His heart made a small jump in his chest as the alpha spoke those words, as he too registered just then how his phone was vibrating in his pocket.

He immediately reached down to pull the device out, feeling a thrill of excitement as he saw Dream’s name on the display.

He quickly hit the ‘answer’ button, then put the device to his ear.

“What?”

Was the first thing he said into the phone, feeling the alpha behind him still grinding up on him.

“Where the hell are you, George?!”

George couldn’t help but smile as he heard the anger in his voice. It made his heartbeat speed up, excitement rush through him.
His mind already running with how bad his punishment would be this time.

What if he’d chain him up this time? Maybe even use a belt?

Those hands, he hoped he’d use them on him again. Leave handprints all over his body.

“At a club.”

George said faintly into the phone, biting back a smile as he could hear Dream’s frustrated exhale on the other end.

He probably got his answer already from the moment he picked up the phone. The loud bumping music all around him was a dead giveaway as is.

“Who are you talking to?”

The alpha behind George then said, which immediately made George even more thrilled. He knew Dream could hear that, and could only imagine the rage he must feel hearing he was with someone else, at a club.

“Leave. Now, George.”

He could hear Dream say through the phone just then.
And he was using his alpha voice.

George swallowed, lips parting as he was about to answer. But Dream hung up, leaving him with nothing but the strong urge to leave the place. Immediately.

He pocketed his phone again, and mumbled a quick ‘bye’ to the alpha who’d been grinding on him, before he started pushing his way through the crowd, trying to get to the exit.

The moment he stepped outside, he was hit by fresh air, which felt like a sweet salvation for his nostrils. It was nice to breathe fresh air that wasn’t heavily laced with desperation, sweat and pheromones.

He tipped his head back as he shut his eyes, the cool air sweeping across his hot cheeks.

Now he’d just have to wait for Dream to come and pick him up. Then, he’ll get punished again. The thought of that alone made him all tingly with excitement, hoping Dream would hurry up and get there faster.

“Where are you going?”

George opened his eyes, his shoulders tensing as he felt the sour, desperate scent of the alpha he’d just left inside.

At least he thought he’d left him inside.

But here he was, placing his hand at George’s waist. Seeming as if he thought he had some sort of claim on him or something.

George moved his hand down to remove the alpha’s hand from him,

“I’m leaving.”

He mumbled, looking out at the road. Hoping a loud Lamborghini would show up suddenly.

“Without me?”

The alpha said, stepping in front of him instead.

“Yes.”

George mumbled as he turned his head to the side, annoyed by the pushy alpha.

“How about we leave together? It’s about time you get mated, isn’t it?”

The alpha said as he leaned closer to his ear, his hands finding his waist again.

“No.”

George said, about to push the alpha off of him for real.

But that’s when the roar of an engine was heard from down the street. A familiar sound that made George feel a sense of safety immediately wash over him.

The alpha didn’t seem to react much to the sound, and just kept pushing,

“You sure? You’re an omega, I know you want it.”

George rolled his eyes, but gave a slight hum just then, making the alpha think he was actually considering the offer.

It was just to stall for time.

And it turns out he didn’t have to wait for long, as the familiar green Lamborghini soon rolled up right next to them. Stopping right by the sidewalk before the door to the driver’s seat opened.

The next thing George knew, the alpha was pulled away from him, then grabbed by the front of his shirt.

George looked at Dream, who held a tight grasp on the other alpha. A near scary look on his face as he seemed truly angry.

He then raised his fist and punched the alpha right in the face.

He punched him so hard, the alpha was knocked to the ground.

Dream stared at him for a moment, breathing hard.

He then mumbled,

“Get in the car, George.”

George barely spared a second to contemplate it, his legs slightly unsteady below him as he started walking towards the passenger seat. Adrenaline pumping through him from what he'd just witnessed.

And he knew they had to get away from there. Quickly. You can't just fight people in the street without legal consequences.

As soon as he opened the door to the passenger seat, he saw Dream turn his back to the other alpha and walk back to the driver's seat.

As soon as they were both in the car, he drove off.

“You reek of that alpha.”

Dream said after a moment of tense silence.

George held his gaze on Dream's hands, the hard grip he had on the steering wheel as he was driving. His angry pheromones strong and heavy in the small space between them.

“I know.”

George mumbled, making Dream look at him quickly before looking at the road again,

“Are you drunk?!”

He then said, sounding both disgusted and judgmental.

“What? No.”

George said, unsure of why he'd even think such a thing since he truly hadn't had a drop of anything to drink in there.

That other alpha had clearly been drinking, though. So the smell probably transferred to him.

“What the fuck is wrong with you, George?”

Dream then said, sounding tense and angry.

“All you need to do is be obedient, do what I tell you to do, and yet you keep doing this shit!”

George’s gaze traveled from Dream’s hands to his face, watching his profile.

Dream’s angry pheromones were filling up the entire car, making George’s head spin. His mind going all foggy, eyelids heavy. His lips parting as his gaze traveled across his features.

“Are you gonna punish me again?”

“Yeah.”

George pushed his head back against the headrest behind him, his eyes slipping shut as he pushed back a faint sound from escaping his lips. A hot, exhilarating feeling rushing through him.

And he could feel slick already pooling underneath him.

He couldn’t believe how well this actually worked.

As soon as they got back to the apartment, Dream brought George to the living room.

“Get on the table. On your knees.”

Dream then ordered, to which George glanced at him.

“Why?”

“It’s for your punishment.”

George wet his lips, deciding to get onto the table instead of agitating Dream any further. He was eager himself to see what Dream would do to him this time anyways.

As soon as he’d sat down on his knees, Dream walked around the table, stopping right behind him.

“Take your sweater off.”

He then ordered.

George glanced over his shoulder, seeing Dream unbuckling his belt, pulling it off entirely.

His heart made a skip in his chest, wondering what he had planned for him.

George took his sweater off, discarding it to the side. Quite happy to get the fabric off as it had a lot of the other alpha's scent clinging to it.

“Put your hands behind your back, George.”

Dream then said.

“Why?”

“Just do as I say.”

“What're you gonna do?”

“Stop being an idiot, just give me your hands, George.”

George exhaled slightly, bringing his hands behind his back.

Immediately, he felt Dream grabbing his hands, then leather wrapped around his wrists as he tied the belt around them. Tightening it a bit too hard, making George's breath hitch. Flexing out his fingers slightly.

He really couldn't move his arms now.

Which, made his blood rush, his body growing hot, feeling so restrained.

He felt Dream yank the belt slightly, tightening it around his wrists even more as he spoke next to his ear,

“You knew this was gonna happen when you went out, George.”

He then stepped away from him, and George watched him walk around the table, then sit down on the sofa in front of him.

“You know you’re supposed to ask me if you wanna go somewhere.”

George swallowed, gaze dropping. Seeing Dream sat with his legs spread wide in front of him.

“You also know you’re not allowed to be around other alphas. That’s the biggest rule, George. And you broke it.”

George tipped his head back, the restraints both exhilarating and frustrating. And something about it made him feel so exposed.

Dream then leaned forward,

“Who was that alpha, George?”

George swallowed,

“What alpha?”

He said faintly.

Dream let out a frustrated sigh,

“Don’t play dumb, George. I mean it. Tell me who the fuck that was.”

“Why?”

George said, feeling a wave of Dream’s angry pheromones hitting him, making him shut his eyes as his legs felt weak.

He heard Dream stand up again, walking over to stop right behind him.

He then felt Dream place his hand on his neck, tipping his head back slightly. Making George’s breath hitch as he had his full hand wrapped around his neck.

George blinked, looking up to find green eyes piercing him.

“Because you’re mine, George.”

George stared back up at him, feeling a hot rush go through his body, making him spread his legs slightly. The omega part of him absolutely melting from those words, making slick come out of him.

“Am I?”

He said faintly, wanting Dream to keep going. Tell him more about how he belongs to him.

Dream let out a toneless huff. His gaze roaming George’s face, going to his lips, making the omega’s heart jump.

And as Dream’s gaze paused at his lips, his voice dipped low as he said,

“Yeah. You are.”

And right then, when George thought he might actually lean down and kiss him, Dream released his grasp on his neck and pushed him forward instead.

“So tell me what the fuck you were doing out with that alpha, without permission from your true alpha.”

All that George got out in response was a sound close to a moan, right at the same time as Dream walked over to sit in front of him again.

Also, had Dream actually just called himself his true alpha?

His head was spinning, he felt so hot all over, slick gushing out of him. Dream’s pheromones overpowering and overwhelming even as he sat further away from him.

George tipped his head back as he moaned,

“Dream,”

“Why do you keep disobeying me like this, George? Getting other alphas scents all over you, pissing me off.”

George lightly bit down on his bottom lip. Tipping his head forward. And instead of answering his question, he glanced up at Dream through his lashes and said,

“What are you gonna do about it, Dream?”

Speaking faintly, slightly out of breath. Feeling the angry pheromones coming from Dream as he stared back at him with that intense gaze.

Dream sat back as he let his words hang in the air for a moment, placing his arm along the headrest of the sofa as he kept his gaze on George. Spreading his legs slightly wider, sitting in a very alpha-like position.

“I’ll have to teach you to be obedient.”

George swallowed, tingles running down his spine from those words.

“How are you gonna do that?”

“Guess I’ll have to keep punishing you. Might even start taking you with me when I leave the house. Have you following me around like a little puppy.”

George let out a faint huff at that, excitement lighting up within him. More punishment, huh?

Maybe at some point Dream will realize that the punishments only makes George want to disobey him even more.

But, hopefully it will take him a while to connect those dots.

Dream moved his hand off the sofa as he leaned forward slightly, shrugging off his suit jacket before discarding it to the side. He then loosened his tie slightly,

“But since you didn’t answer me earlier, George, I’m gonna ask you again. Who was that alpha?”

George held his gaze on his hands, watching him roll up the sleeves of his white shirt, exposing his wrist watch. A ball of excitement in the pit of his stomach throughout all of this.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Dream.”

He mumbled faintly, wetting his lips.

Dream sighed, looking disappointed as he turned his head to the side.

“I didn’t wanna have to do this, George.”

“Do what?”

Dream looked over at him again, leaning back slightly. Patting his thigh,

“Come here.”

George glanced down at his lap, excitement rushing through him.

“Why?”

He breathed.

“Just come here, George.”

Dream said, seeming as if he was losing his patience with him.

And being too curious of what could happen next, George got off the coffee table. Struggling a bit as he had his hands tied behind his back. But soon he had his feet on the floor, walking towards Dream.

He paused right in front of him, giving a slightly flustered huff,

“What do you want me to do?”

“Lay down.”

Dream mumbled, patting his lap again.

George stared at him for a moment, then got onto the sofa, then laid across Dream's lap.

He felt so hot as he got so close to the alpha, feeling his very body heat pressed against his skin. His hip placed right by his thigh, making his crotch press against it as well.

He didn't think that one through much, and only realized how Dream could feel that he's hard from all of this once it was already too late.

He swallowed, trying to lift his hips slightly, shifting where he laid.

Put Dream placed a hand over his ass, keeping him in place.

Dream's hand then moved to the waistband of his pants, his knuckles brushing against George's tied back hands as he hooked two fingers onto the waistband.

"You remember the safe word, right, George?"

George felt his face grow hot, feeling Dream pull his pants down, exposing his ass.

And the mention of the safe word made him have to bite back an excited smile.

"I don't know, maybe."

George mumbled in response, shifting slightly as Dream placed his warm hand on his bare ass.

"It's 'green'."

Dream mumbled, then raised his hand before spanking him with it.

George let out a sound that was a mix between a slight pained cry and a moan. Restrained by the way his hands were tied behind his back.

Dream rubbed at the mark he'd just left as he spoke,

"Just be honest with me, George. I'll have to keep this up until you give me an answer."

George's breathing was uneven as he kept his head hung forward, resting his forehead against the sofa. The place where Dream had spanked him stinging slightly.

"I'll ask you again, George. Who was that alpha?"

"I don't know."

George mumbled. Which was technically the truth, he didn't know the first thing about him. It was an absolute stranger to him.

But, Dream didn't seem pleased with this answer, as he spanked him once again. Going across the same spot as the last one.

George let out another soft cry, followed by a whiny,

"Dream,"

"Tell me who he was, George."

George bit his lip, his hands balling into fists behind his back as he waited with anticipation for Dream to do it again.
Hoping he would.

And after a stretched out silence, Dream raised his hand and spanked him once again.

George moaned out, he trying hard not to sound like he enjoyed it too much.

"Just, tell me, George!"

Dream then pressed, sounding impatient.

And George decided to just cave in, knowing he shouldn't push Dream too far after all.

"No one. I met him at the club."

"You didn't know him before tonight?"

“No.”

Dream nodded,

“Okay, good. I’m glad you’re honest with me, George.”

His hand then placed firmly on his ass,

“Now, apologize.”

Dream demanded.

“For what?”

George asked faintly. Only really saying it to play dumb, press his buttons.

“What do you mean, for what? For going out without asking permission.”

George bit down on his bottom lip, bracing himself for more spanks as he held his silence.

And sure enough, Dream gave a huff at his silence, mumbling,

“Alright, fine,”

And spanked him once again as he wouldn’t apologize.

“Apologize, George!”

He then said, making George whine softly, whilst still holding back from apologizing.

Dream let out a frustrated sigh, as George pushed his cheek against the sofa cushion, feeling Dream spank him once again.

Then again.

And again.

George moaned, finding himself beginning to drool slightly.

He quickly swallowed, wetting his lips before Dream spanked him once again. Making him shift below his hand, moving slightly against his thigh.

The friction of his hard-on against Dream's thigh just then made him moan airily, and he subtly kept shifting slightly as it felt really good.

"I mean it, George. Apologize."

George pressed his lips together, pushing his forehead against the sofa again as he rolled his hips in tiny circles against Dream's thigh. Panting slightly as he felt himself growing closer.

Dream then spanked him again, and he finally got out,

"Sorry, Dream,"

Worrying Dream might stop if he doesn't actually get what he wants out of him eventually.

Dream placed his hand on his ass just then, massaging where he'd bruised his skin. The movement making George's hips move, and he subtly moved with it to keep grinding against his thigh. A soft moan escaping him.

"Thank you, George."

Dream mumbled, as an answer to his apology.

He then spoke again, his voice dipping low,

"Now tell me who your alpha is."

George shut his eyes as he held back from answering, the marks on his ass stinging a bit less as Dream had his hand placed over them.

"Say it, George."

Dream pressed.

George wet his lips, the alpha's strong scent truly making his eyelids heavy, and he knew Dream

must've gotten some slick on his hand by now as well as it wouldn't stop gushing out of him.

"I don't know."

He mumbled faintly. Knowing it was the wrong answer.

He knew what Dream actually wanted him to say right then.

He also wouldn't mind pushing his buttons a bit extra instead.

Dream wet his lips, giving a slight huff.

He then drew a breath before he spanked him once again. Going a bit harder this time.

George tried biting back the sounds before they got to escape him this time, hanging his head forward as his skin stung and burned.

"You knew that was the wrong answer, George. Now say the correct one."

Dream said, grabbing a handful of George's hair. Yanking on it, making George's eyes water.

"Say it, George. Who's your alpha?"

George shut his eyes, subtly rocking his hips against his thigh as he faintly mumbled,

"Dream."

He heard Dream let out a slight huff, releasing the grip on his hair.

"See? You did know the right answer, George."

George groaned at that, hanging his head forward again. Placing his forehead against the sofa. His whole body felt hot with embarrassment from answering that, and there was now a near uncomfortable amount of slick coming out of him, making him shift once again where he was laying in Dream's lap. Grinding down against him as he did so. A faint moan escaping him.

“And what do you call your alpha, George?”

Dream then asked, making George grow even hotter.

“Dream.”

He mumbled.

“Yeah. And what else?”

George gave a slight huff,

“Idiot.”

Dream barely spared a moment before spanking him after that one. Making George cry out once again. His hands balling into fists behind his back.

“I’ll ask you again, what do you call me, George?”

George swallowed, his face heating up before he’d even uttered the word, making him press his cheek against the cooling material of the sofa. Moving his hips in small circles as he felt close to the edge.

Swallowing, wetting his lips, chasing his orgasm as he kept rolling his hips in the most subtle way.

“Say it, George.”

Dream demanded once again.

And right then, George’s breath hitched. His orgasm washing over him, as he faintly moaned,

“Daddy,”

His legs shook slightly, his whole body hot. And in that moment he cursed the restraints for preventing him from hiding his face in his hands.

“That’s right, baby.”

Dream mumbled, moving his hand to push his fingers through George's hair. Lightly massaging where he'd just yanked at his scalp, as if soothing that spot.

George wet his lips just then, and found he'd actually started drooling a bit after all from this whole thing.

It made him turn his head, pressing his forehead against the sofa again to hide his face somewhat. Swallowing hard as he was still coming back down from his orgasm.

He wondered then, if Dream had noticed. Maybe he didn't.

After a moment of silence, Dream moved his hand from his hair, clearing his throat,

"Alright, we're done here for now."

He said, his hands moving down to untie the belt around George's wrists.

"Make sure to wash up properly, then head to bed. I have an early meeting tomorrow, but we'll continue this discussion of what else your punishment will be after I get back."

Dream tapped George on the hip, making him get off his lap to sit back on his knees.

George looked down at his freed wrists, finding there to be red marks on them now. He rubbed the marks slightly, glancing up at Dream who stood up, then walked off. Heading towards his bedroom.

This punishment was quite different from the last one.

But it was hot, definitely turned him on. Even made him cum, maybe without Dream even knowing about it.

And that whole thing with the belt and the spanking definitely made his head spin.

As he sat there thinking about what had happened just now, he was also once again hit by what Dream had said earlier.

Did he really mean it when he called himself his true alpha?

And.. what did he actually mean by that?

As George got back to his room after a long contemplative shower, he went straight to the corner in his closet, burying himself in the nest he'd made. Dream's scent hugging him and bringing him comfort.

He sighed softly, pulling Dream's blanket over his body before taking his phone out.

He had more questions than ever, things that wouldn't leave his brain the entire time he was in the shower.

So he started googling around, finally stopping at an article with a headline that said,

'5 Signs You've Found Your True Alpha'

Now, it's not like he actually believed Dream is his true alpha. Cause that would just be... insane. Right? The absolute odds of him actually meeting his true alpha...

There was no way it's actually him.

But, despite his doubts he couldn't resist looking into it.

As he scrolled down the article, it read,

'Reason Number 1: there's just something intriguing about this alpha that draws you in. Something unexplainable that you just can't put your finger on. As if there's an invisible pull between the two of you, you're drawn to them like a moth to a flame.'

George grimaced slightly as he read the words. The very first reason was already making him pretty sure Dream wasn't the one for him. Cause- okay, sure, Dream is intriguing and, yeah he might feel strangely drawn to him-

He blinked as he let out a huff, quickly derailing that train of thought.

Cause that was ridiculous, Dream isn't- it's nothing like that.

He kept reading the article,

'Reason number 2: you feel safe around your alpha. They make you feel protected and safe simply by being around you. At times even hearing their name can be soothing for an omega.'

George's gaze dropped, his mind immediately going back to the time he received a simple text from Dream at the bar and felt immediate safety just from that. Or when he picked him up from the club just a few hours ago.

But that doesn't have to mean-

Those were both situations in which he was with other alphas, who might've been dangerous. It's a perfectly logical response for him to feel safer knowing an alpha he knows better will soon be there to take him away from that situation.

Alright.

Good.

As George felt pleased with his own internal explanation for it, he started reading the third reason.

"Reason number 3: you make nests with their stuff.

You may find yourself collecting things that belongs to your true alpha, such as clothing and other personal items that either reminds you of them, or simply smells like them.

These things will of course come in handy when you start nesting, as being surrounded by things that reminds you of your true alpha is important for your nest. Especially if your alpha isn't there when your heat arrives.'

George let out a huff, ready to immediately dismiss that as something he didn't relate to.

But that's when he realized.

His gaze snapped down to the blanket covering him. He then looked around himself, his head slowly turning as realization began to truly set in.

Oh.. fuck.

Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He exhaled as he felt himself growing even hotter than he already was, adjusting slightly where he was sat on his... nest.

That...

But, the fact that he'd been nesting with Dream's items, it didn't have to mean-

Just because-

He rubbed his face with one of his hands as he held up his phone with the other, moving onto the forth reason.

Refusing to acknowledge the elephant in the room.

Reason number 4: the scent of your true alpha will smell better to you than any other scent, and it can even comfort you.

It also turns you on. Simple as that, really.

You find yourself growing hot, maybe even feel somewhat drowsy around your alphas scent. Your legs may get weak, and slick production will kick into gear. Your body will tell you when you've found your true alpha even before you know about it. Listen to it.'

George locked his phone, throwing it next to him on the floor. He didn't even wanna keep reading the next reason. He felt too hot to focus anyways, and as he shifted a bit again he felt slick was still pooling underneath him. Almost as if that shower didn't help at all.

And what was probably most annoying was how in that moment his mind and body was screaming at him to go to Dream. As if he had some sort of deep, intense craving to be with the alpha right then and there.

And the more he listened to that craving, the more he realized it was a strong need, a desire to mate with Dream. To have his knot inside of-

He groaned as he pushed his hands into his hair, refusing to let those thoughts overtake him.

He probably just needs some sleep. And then he'll wake up in the morning and feel absolutely normal. He'll see Dream again and won't even register his presence cause he's not his true mate.

Nope.

Absolutely not.

He got up from where he was laying, deciding he's never gonna return to this 'nest' ever again, no matter how comforting he found it to be. He had a perfectly functioning bed, one that he went over to and laid down in.

He ended up laying in bed for about ten minutes before he caved in and walked over to get Dream's blanket from his nest, bringing it back with him to his bed. Once he'd wrapped himself up with it, he could finally drift off to sleep.

George woke up the next morning, feeling so, so hot all over.

He groaned softly as he moved slightly, feeling uncomfortable. Feeling a deep need, a craving to have something pushed into him. To be knotted, mated with.

He pushed his hand up into his hair, a soft moan leaving his lips as his back arched off the bed slightly.

Dream.

He had to find Dream.

It actually felt as if he'd die if he didn't get to be with Dream right then and there, be knotted by him, mated with him. Have Dream inside of him.

He grabbed at the bedsheets below him, pushing his head to the side as he moaned out,

"Dream.."

As if pleading for the alpha to come over, take care of him. Give him what he craves, what he needs.

He soon pushed himself off the bed, feeling too impatient to stay there and wait for the alpha to come find him.

He needed him, right then and there. So, so badly.

He couldn't wait around for a second longer.

As he made his way through the apartment, he could feel the alpha's scent all around him. It was driving him crazy with want, a deep need at the very pit of his stomach which almost brought him to tears.

He had to find the alpha, he couldn't stand another second without him.

As George reached Dream's room, he felt the scent lingered stronger than any other place in the apartment. It made his legs weak before he'd even fully opened the door.

But then his heart dropped as he was met by an empty room, completely devoid of Dream.

"Dream.."

George cried softly as he started tearing up, unable to hold it back.

He made his way to his bed, then crawled onto it. Pushing his face into his bedsheets where he immediately felt surrounded by the comforting, strong scent of his alpha.

He let out a moan as he gripped at the fabric, pushing his ass into the air as if presenting himself to the scent.

“Dream-“

He got out once again, as he wiggled his ass up at nothing. Wanting to push himself up against the alpha, have his hands all over him.

It was driving him absolutely insane, he'd never felt such a deep need, desire, want, craving, to be with a specific alpha before.

But he truly could not think of anything else in that very moment. His mind an absolute fog containing nothing but Dream and his scent, his safety, his voice, his hands, his dick.

He wanted to mate with him, be claimed by him more than anything in the entire world at that very moment.

And slick wouldn't stop coming out of him, even more so now as he had his face buried in Dream's scent.

And that deep need to have something push inside of him only got stronger as well, making him move his left hand back to his ass. Pushing his underwear down with a slightly shaky hand before he started pushing two fingers inside of himself.

He felt so painfully empty, wanting an alpha to fill him up.

Wanting that alpha to be Dream.

But he tried his best to be satisfied with his own fingers, pushing them in and out of himself at a desperate, uneven pace. Moaning into the bedsheets as he kept calling out for Dream. Trying hard to convince himself it was Dream's fingers instead of his own.

But it was hard to believe, as Dream's fingers would be bigger, would reach much deeper. Would fill him up much better.

He groaned at just the thought, moaning out in a needy tone as he quickened his pace.

He soon came, his grasp on the bedsheets tightening. Gasping softly as he squeezed his eyes shut, his cum spilling onto Dream's bed.

But he felt nowhere near satisfied or less needy in any way.

He still wanted Dream so bad he could cry.

“Holy fuck, George-“

He let out a slight cry as he heard Dream’s voice behind him suddenly. The voice of his alpha.

“Dream-“

“You’re in heat.”

“Dream, please-“

He pushed his ass up further into the air, spreading his legs slightly in the process.

And right then he was hit with a wave of Dream’s actual current scent.

It carried that faint, rich vanilla tone again, dancing beautifully with the rich chocolate and woodsy undertones.

Feeling his scent made George want to spread his legs even further, do anything Dream could ever ask of him.

He glanced over his shoulder to see the alpha taking him in, his pupils blown wide. His hand going up to loosen his tie slightly.

And holy fuck, those hands. He felt like he’d die if he didn’t get to have those fingers inside of him right then and there.

George pushed his forehead down against the bedsheets, moaning out something that would be a plea but ended up being just a mumbled mess of needy sounds.

“You didn’t- why didn’t you tell me your heat was coming, George?”

Dream said, sounding a bit winded.

All George did in response to his words was wiggle his ass in the air slightly, trying to present himself to the alpha as much as possible.

Right then, he felt Dream place a hand at the curve of his spine, holding him in place.

It made George absolutely melt, the cooling touch of his alpha's hand on his burning hot skin being exactly what he wanted, what he needed.

"I shouldn't- I can't be here, George. I'm not gonna be able to hold myself back if I stay here."

Hearing those words, truly struck fear in George. Hearing his alpha might leave him like this-

He might as well have told him the world was about to end.

"Dream-"

He got out, sounding needy. His hand reaching back to grab Dream's wrist.

"Dream, please, please, put it in me."

Dream took a step closer,

"You sure that's what you want, George?"

George pushed his ass back some more just then, pushing himself right against Dream's crotch. And as he felt the very outline of his alpha's dick against his ass, he moaned. His fingers curling around the fabric of the bedsheets below him.

"Yes,"

He breathed, rubbing his ass against his crotch, getting slick all over Dream's pants.

"You- you're my true alpha, Dream.."

He then said, pushing up against Dream a bit further.

His whole body was absolutely burning up, and speaking those words out loud made him feel even

hotter.

But it was true. Dream is his true alpha. And he's probably known about it even longer than he wanted to admit to himself.

"You're right, George. I am your true alpha."

Dream spoke, his voice low as he stepped even closer. Both of his hands placing on the omega's ass, grabbing it firmly.

It made George moan, feeling good to have his alpha's hands on him.

"I was supposed to punish you today.."

Dream mumbled under his breath as he rubbed the marks he'd left on George's ass the previous night.

One of his hands then left George's skin, and the omega immediately mourned the loss.

He glanced back over his shoulder, seeing Dream had pulled his phone out of his pocket, and now stood there typing at it. Keeping one hand still on George's ass.

George whined, feeling jealous of a lifeless device. Acting like a needy, dramatic omega as he pushed up into his hand,

"Dream.."

He whined, craving the alpha's attention and focus all on him.

Once Dream seemed to finally be done with what he was doing, he cleared his throat as he pocketed his phone again. He then put his hand back on George's ass, having both of them back on his skin, calming the omega.

"So impatient, George.."

Dream mumbled, almost scolding him.

"I had to cancel my meetings for today and tomorrow, as it seems I have to mate with you instead. Give you what you really need, as your true alpha."

His words were music to George's ears, like the promise of water in a lone desert.

"Plea--"

He got out, a moan slipping past his lips. Right before Dream grabbed at him and pushed him to lay down on his back instead, making him face his alpha.

George immediately spread his legs before him, one of his hands going up to place over his forehead.

He felt so hot and needed the alpha so bad.

“Take your clothes off.”

Dream mumbled as he started unbuckling his own belt, and George immediately began to push his underwear off entirely. He then worked on taking his shirt off, appreciating the cool air that hit his skin as he threw the shirt to the side.

George then looked up at Dream, watching him undoing his pants still, before then working on getting his suit jacket off.

It made him feel impatient, the omega in him taking over from the very sight of his alpha.

So he moved over, getting on his knees right before Dream. He then reached up to push his pants down, enough to take his dick out.

Dream held his gaze on him, watching George wrap his fingers around the base of his dick, then lean forward and lick a stripe along the side of it.

He then kept licking it, as if it was some sort of lollipop. Small sounds escaping him as he kept doing kitten licks along his dick. Almost seeming to enjoy the taste of it, a pleased look on his face.

As he glanced up at Dream through his lashes, the alpha reached down and grabbed a handful of his hair, yanking him back.

“I didn’t give you permission to do that, George.”

George whined softly, acting as if someone had taken away his favorite toy, or stolen his lollipop.

“Apologize, George.”

Dream then said, pulling on his hair a bit extra.

George swallowed, keeping his gaze on him through his lashes.

“Sorry, Daddy.”

Dream was taken by surprise just then, as he was expecting to have to push George for a while to get the words out of him.

And the way he said it too, even adding the nickname..

It drove him crazy, a wave of aroused pheromones leaving him, washing over George, who moaned softly. Loving his alphas scent more than anything.

“Lay back down, George.”

Dream then ordered, releasing the grip on his hair.

And normally, George would be annoying and not do as he was told at first. Drag it out, push Dream’s buttons, before finally doing what he wanted him to do.

But George in heat, was more than eager to follow his alpha’s orders.

George in heat was fast to lay down on his back, immediately spreading his legs for his alpha.

Dream looked down at him, overtaken for a second by how pretty the omega was. Astounded that this was his true mate.

How lucky was he?

He loosened his tie slightly, getting on his knees in between George’s legs.

He then leaned down, supporting himself by placing his hands next to George’s head. He then dipped down, hovering right above him, almost capturing his lips.

“You’ll be mine forever if we do this. Sure you wanna do this, George?”

The words were meant to be a warning, but all it did was make George want it even more. Nothing sounded better to his heat induced brain than to belong to the alpha for the rest of his life.

Be his, forever.

So George tipped his head back the slightest, feeling impatient as he let out a small moan. One of his hands finding Dream’s shirt, grabbing at the fabric.

“Please..”

“Is that a yes?”

Dream asked, keeping his gaze on him. Fighting back his own urge to just take him right then and there. George’s heat pheromones driving him insane.

George nodded, whining softly, shifting impatiently,

“Please, Dream..”

Dream shushed him, trying to soothe the omega’s whining and pleading.

“Okay, baby.”

He then said under his breath, closing the distance between them by capturing George’s lips.

George could barely breathe as he kissed him. He was already panting from his heat, and kissing him was overwhelming. Yet not enough.

He clawed at Dream’s shirt, spreading his legs further. Arching slightly off the bed as he wanted more of him.

Dream pushed his tongue into his mouth and it made his head spin, a needy moan slipping out of him.

Dream then pulled away, drawing back to start actually lining himself up.

As George looked down at his dick, he could feel himself actually salivating. He had to resist the urge to move over and lick the entire length once again. He really wanted to lick it more, put the whole thing in his mouth, treat it like a lollipop.

But, what he wanted even more was to have that thing pushed into him, between his legs, reach deep inside of him and then knot him.

“Ready, baby?”

Dream asked him as he was about to push into him, voice sounding a bit strained as he was clearly struggling to stay sane during all of this.

George nodded, spreading his legs slightly further to truly emphasize how badly he wanted it.

And so, Dream pushed into him. Taking his breath away for a moment, making George push his head back. His mouth falling open as his eyes slipped shut.
Feeling amazing to finally, finally have his alpha fill him up exactly how he'd been craving.

He felt like he could cry as Dream kept pushing into him, stretching him apart in the best way possible whilst filling him up just right.

It was overwhelming, and George found himself reaching up to grab at Dream's shirt as he let out a faint moan.

"Dream,"

He then moaned out as he could feel him push deeper than what he had thought was possible.

And he was so big.

"You got this, George.."

Dream said under his breath, seemingly focused on keeping himself from thrusting in too hard or too fast, allow him to adjust.

George panted as he grabbed at him, wanting him to keep going, keep filling him up. Go even faster, deeper. His head spinning as he struggled to form a single coherent thought or speak any other word than the moan that fell out of him just then.

Dream then paused for a moment, and leaned down to recapture his lips before he started pulling out again.

George gave out a sound of protest against his lips, tearing away from the kiss,

"Don't- please- Dream- don't- don't pull out-"

Dream let out a huff, an attempt at a laugh, finding his needy behavior almost a bit amusing.

"Don't worry, George. I won't, I won't."

He said, his voice soothing, speaking right to George's omega brain.

He then took the hand George had grasping at his shirt, and wrapped his fingers around his wrist as

he moved it to pin right next to his head instead.

He then started kissing down his neck, as he began pushing into him once again.

This time, he went faster, a bit harder. And soon he was going in and out of him at a steady pace that made George feel at ease, fulfilled.

His toes curled every time Dream would push into him, and moans kept flowing out of him. A needy, desperate tone to his voice, high pitched sounds escaping his lips as Dream would go even faster.

George also started noticing how Dream was placing hickeys on his neck, marking him up.

It lit absolute fireworks in his chest, his heart swelling as his eyes watered.

Being marked by his alpha and have others know he's taken, it was all he could ever want and wish for. His heat induced brain was on top of the world.

Dream then stopped placing hickeys as he focused on going a bit faster. Panting next to George's ear as the omega gave out the most amazing sounds, driving him crazy.

"Does it feel good, baby?"

Dream then asked, going a bit harder. Looking to have his ego stroked by the omega for a moment.

"Yes,"

George moaned, tipping his head back slightly.

"Call out for me, George."

"Daddy- Dream- Ah- Dreamm--"

Dream's dick twitched from listening to him, a moan slipping out of him as he dipped down to place another hickey on George's skin.

He'd spell his own name out with the marks if he was any more clear headed himself in that moment. But it was hard to stay even that calculated as the heat pheromones were truly overpowering.

He did truly enjoy having George do as he was told, though. Have the omega so easily obey his

every request was truly wonderful.

Dream soon slowed down his pace slightly, pulling back a bit. Speaking to the omega in a low tone,

“You sure you want me to knot you, George? It might get you pregnant, you know.”

George moaned at his words, throwing his head to the side as he pushed his hand into his hair.

“Please..”

He got out, his voice light and needy.

Those very words, that whole concept, made the omega in him absolutely light up. Feeling more eager than ever to have the alpha come inside of him, wanting it to happen at that very moment right then and there. As if he couldn’t wait for it to happen.

Just thinking about it right then made George come a second time.

He barely had time to moan out Dream’s name, his back arching off the bed as his cum spilled onto his stomach.

And right then he felt Dream push in a bit extra hard, extra deep, and stay there for a moment.

“You’d like that? George?”

Dream then said, speaking right next to his ear.

George immediately nodded,

“Yes, Daddy- please-“

He whined, rocking himself down on Dream’s length, impatient with how he’d stopped moving just now. He wanted to be knotted by him, couldn’t wait a second longer. He needed it so bad.

Despite enjoying his needy impatience, Dream started moving again.

And as he did, he pulled back a bit, looking at George. Taking in his entire state.

George looked back up at him with heavy eyelids, meeting his gaze through his lashes. His sight

slightly blurry as he'd started tearing up again.

He'd never truly stopped tearing up during this whole thing, actually.

Dream reached down with one of his hands, collecting one of the tears that had rolled down George's cheek.

"You're so pretty, George.."

He then said, truly admiring the omega in this state.

He then leaned down again, getting close to kissing him before adding,

"And you're mine."

He then kissed him once again, stealing his breath away.

George's mind kept swirling with those words.

His, he is Dream's now. He belongs to him.

Well, not just yet. But soon. So, so soon. He'll be all his.

A warm, prideful feeling spread through his body at the very thought, knowing he belonged to an alpha. To Dream. The absolute best alpha he'd ever met.

Dream soon pulled back from the kiss, panting against his lips as he went a bit faster. Then, he dipped down to his neck instead, hot breathing against his skin as he placed his lips against the side of his neck.

George then felt him bite down hard on one particular spot on his neck, causing feelings of both pleasure and pain to shoot through George's entire body.

The alpha then made one more hard thrust, pushing in deeper than ever before.

George's breath hitched, and then he felt it.

He felt Dream's cum start to spill out inside of him first, then his knot began to swell, growing

larger inside of him. Locking the alpha with him momentarily.

And the feeling of it pushed George to come for a third time. A silent gasp with Dream's name attached to it escaping him as his eyes shut, his legs shaking slightly.

In the meantime, the swelling knot inside of him kept stretching him out to a near painful point.

George pulled a slightly pained expression just then, as he whined slightly. Which made Dream pull back from biting his neck, immediately taking notice of the slight distress in his omega's expression. Causing him to shush him soothingly, mumbling,

"It's okay, it's okay. You got this, George. Doing so good, baby."

George gave a faint nod at his words. But he did feel a sense of peaceful bliss from finally having the alpha inside of him. Knotting him. Mating with him.

He'd had heats before, and he'd pushed through most of them by being locked away somewhere, away from civilization with nothing but a dildo to get him through it.

But to actually have an alpha take care of him for it, give him the very thing he felt he needed so bad he might die if he goes without...

It was a million times better this way.

And it sort of overcame him just then, what had just happened. They'd actually mated, bonded.

He's mated with Dream.

And from this point onwards, he'll always have Dream by his side, and there to help him through his heats.

An overwhelming sense of joy overtook him in that moment, tears slipping down his face as his hand went up to place on Dream's cheek.

"Dream.."

He said, feeling his heart swell as he looked at the alpha.

His alpha.

Dream almost seemed to be reading his mind in that moment, as he had a warm look in his eyes. Leaning down to kiss him once more, staying like that for a moment before pulling back to look at him again.

George then felt his eyelids grow even heavier, and he shut his eyes for a moment. Feeling absolutely exhausted after coming three times in such a short span of time, and then mating on top of it.

Heats were always quite exhausting, and this time he hadn't even been prepared for it as it came several weeks early.

George didn't even realize he'd dozed off until he felt Dream suddenly start to pull out of him, once the swelling had gone down enough for him to do so.

George whined faintly,

"Put it back.. please.."

He mumbled, without having even opened his eyes yet.

But Dream didn't budge to his request, pulling out fully before then moving away from him. The loss of his body heat making George even whinier,

"Dream,"

He cried, opening his eyes just to see where his alpha went.

"Calm down, George. I'm right here."

Dream mumbled with a warm fondness to his tone.

George then felt a warm blanket get draped over him, one that smelled just like Dream. Soothing his needy omega brain slightly.

Dream then placed a few extra pillows next to him, more soft things that smelled like him. Stuff he probably would've put there before they mated if he'd had more time to think properly beforehand, had he been more clearheaded.

George accepted the soft blankets and pillows, but he still whined over not having his actual alpha next to him. Craving his body heat more than any warm fabric.

So Dream finally laid back down and placed his arms around him. Pulling him close, laying

George's head on his chest. Finally allowing George to sigh softly and feel at ease.

"Such a baby.."

Dream mumbled softly as he placed his lips against the top of George's head.

In any other circumstance George would've told him to shut up. But as he laid there fully exhausted, content to be mated and taken care of by his alpha, he couldn't even think of such a comeback.

The next time George woke up he felt lot more clear headed. His heat was over, shortened by the fact that his alpha took care of him. Gave him exactly what he needed.

Which,
right.

They mated with each other.

George opened his eyes, turning his head to find Dream laying next to him, shirtless. One of his hands lazily draped over his face as the other was loosely held by George's hand.

George looked down at it, finding he'd been holding a grip on Dream's thumb in his sleep.

Heat rushed to his face just then, and he let go of Dream's thumb.

He truly acted so, so needy during that. His memory of it all wasn't perfectly crystal clear, but he remembered most of it. And just thinking about the stuff he did, what he said.. it made his whole body heat up with embarrassment as he sat up. Rubbing his face as he groaned.

"George."

His heart jumped in his chest, hearing his alpha speak his name.

He shut his eyes, taking in the strange, different feeling he felt hearing Dream speak.

It had always made him feel a certain type of way, but it was almost.. stronger now. As if the puzzle piece had been placed where it belonged, and everything within him sang in perfect, clear harmony.

“What?”

George mumbled, keeping his back to him. Still feeling too embarrassed to look at him.

“Are you okay?”

George turned his head to the side,

“Why are you asking me that?”

Dream huffed,

“I take it your heat is over.”

He mumbled, sitting up next to him.

“What makes you say that?”

George mumbled, daring a glance at Dream, and his heart did a little flip when the alpha looked back at him.

“Your whole.. attitude is back.”

Dream mumbled, then sighed. A slight huff escaping him as a smile twitched at the corner of his mouth,

“You’re so.. obedient when you’re in heat, George.”

George felt his whole face grow red at those words, and he immediately grabbed the closest pillow he could get a hold of, then smacked Dream with it.

He then buried his face in his hands as he groaned again. Mumbling,

“Oh my god..”

Under his breath, remembering how easily he answered to Dream’s questions and requests, and how easily he got him to apologize.

Remembering how embarrassingly he’d said it as well.

Dream was right, when he’s in heat the omega in him takes over entirely. And the omega side of him practically thrives off of pleasing his alpha. Does whatever he tells him to do.

“I need a shower.”

George mumbled, getting out of bed. A very ‘wrong’ feeling in his entire body as he left his alpha.

Maybe his heat is over but clearly the omega in him won’t shut up just yet, as it keeps screaming at him to go back and cuddle his alpha.

Ignoring those instincts, he left to go shower.

The moment he looked into the bathroom mirror, his breath hitched. His gaze immediately drawn to the quite large, very evident bite mark on the side of his neck. Along with the several hickeys that were littered around it.

Dream had definitely made it clear, he’s mated. Taken. Claimed. Bonded.

As he admired the marks, he reached up and lightly touched them. Tracing the marked up skin. A shiver running down his spine as his fingers ran over the sensitive bite mark.

He felt such pride in seeing it. Proud to belong to Dream.

Once George had showered and dressed in a casual hoodie and some sweats, he walked out to the kitchen. Finding Dream making food.

“What’re you doing, Dream?”

He mumbled, walking towards Dream as he stood by the stove.

“Making you breakfast.”

Dream said back, moving over to open one of the cabinets before taking out a plate.

He then served some eggs onto the plate, along with a sausage. George could also smell toast, turning his head to find the toaster was working on that as well.

George gave a slight scoff, sitting down by the kitchen isle where Dream put his plate.

Dream then sat down across from him, looking right at him,

“Are you okay, George?”

George poked at the food on his plate, feeling a bit flustered from Dream’s caring tone and

behavior.

“Stop asking me that, why do you keep asking me that?”

“Because you just had your heat, George.”

“It’s not like it’s my first heat or anything.”

“No, but it’s your first time getting mated.”

George paused, glancing up at Dream through his lashes.

He then gave a flustered huff,

“Why do you have to say stuff like that?”

“Like what?”

George sighed, the way Dream’s voice dipped slightly right then causing tingles to run down his spine.

“You’re so annoying, Dream.”

“How am I annoying for caring about you? You’re my omega, George.”

George groaned,

“Dreem, stop,”

He got out, feeling flustered every time he’d mention any of it.

Dream seemed to enjoy making him flustered, so he pushed it even more by saying,

“Are you happy you’re mated with me, George? Are you happy I’m your alpha?”

George froze then. Feeling an intense urge in his very gut just then to tell him just how happy he was to have been mated with his true alpha.

But instead of doing any of that embarrassing stuff, he looked up at Dream and said,

“Yes. I’m happy, Dream.”

The genuineness in his voice softened the teasing smile on Dream’s lips, a warmth reaching his eyes. George had to look away from him as his cheeks grew hot.

“Now shut up, idiot.”

He mumbled, stuffing his mouth with food. Causing Dream to laugh.

After George had finished eating, Dream told him he had to head off for a meeting. The omega in George didn’t like that at all, but George tried ignoring it as he just nodded at Dream, who reassured him he’d be back within an hour.

Once the alpha had left, George decided to take a little walk, get some fresh air after his heat.

It was also probably a good idea if he went to go see Sapnap. He felt bad for leaving him the way he did, once again probably making the alpha think he got kidnapped or something.

So, those were his plans for the day. Go see his friend and reassure him he’s not dead.

“I’m never going out with you ever again, George.”

George had barely taken a step into the coffee shop as Sapnap spoke to him, seeming only annoyed to see him after he’d probably worried sick about him.

“I hate you, you’re such a fucking awful person, George. You just left me at that place. And for what? Your possessive Sugar Daddy came and picked you up again? Needed you to go suck his dick some more? Fuck off, George.”

The costumer Sapnap had just served had this wide eyed look as they gave a small,

“Thank you.”

At Sapnap, then turned to head towards the door, looking quite startled by the whole thing.

George knew right then, if that person has a Twitter account this will be retold on the internet the moment they're out the door.

“Sapnap-“

“And what the fuck is that?”

Sapnap then said, walking around the counter to get to George. His gaze glued to the large bite mark on George's neck.

“What-“

Sapnap was about to speak again, but cut himself off as he picked up on the scent just then, his nostrils flaring.

He then leaned in closer, picking up George's scent.

And right as he leaned close, George's hands went up and pushed him away. Making Sapnap stumble back a few steps.

“What the fuck is your problem, George?!”

Sapnap said, right as George stared down at his own hands.

He hadn't even registered the movements himself. That was an entirely instinctual response, something he'd never done before.

But he could feel it, that was the omega in him. The omega that's now mated, and knows their alpha doesn't want other alphas around him.

The omega within him that wouldn't allow any alpha that isn't his mate to come even close to touching him.

“He mated with you.”

George's gaze snapped to Sapnap, the alpha giving him a judgmental look.

"That creep who's giving you money, your precious Sugar Daddy, he mated with you. Didn't he?"

"He's not a creep."

George said, feeling annoyed from hearing someone speak of his alpha like that.

"So how much did he pay you to get to mate with you, then? You're such a fucking idiot, George- what if you meet your true alpha? What the fuck is he gonna say?"

"Dream is my true alpha, Sapnap."

"Dream?! Is he really making you call him 'Dream'?!"

Sapnap said, seeming absolutely blown away to hear it.

But the more he spoke, the more annoyed George got. Cause that's his alpha he's talking about. And if he doesn't shut up then George will make him shut up.

"Shut up, Sapnap."

He said, jaw tense, fists clenched.

"You're a fucking dumbass, George."

George rolled his eyes, knowing Sapnap would keep this up no matter what he had to say about it.

Of course he didn't believe his Sugar Daddy was his true mate. The odds of them finding each other that way were insane.

But it happened. It was real, that was his true mate. He knew it, every single bone in his body knew it. From the very moment they met, his body knew.

But it seemed it might take a while for Sapnap to accept it, as well.

So, George decided he wasn't gonna keep arguing with him over it. At least for now. Maybe he'd give him a day or two to sit with it, or something.

"Whatever, Sapnap."

He mumbled, going towards the door. Almost walking right into a costumer who'd just entered the place as he was walking out.

As George was walking back to the apartment, he kept thinking about how unfair Sapnap was acting over this. How annoying he was being. Why couldn't he be happy that George found his true mate?

But as he was having these thoughts, he started feeling a strange feeling in his gut. On top of it, he began feeling nauseous.

He thought it was something that would quickly pass at first, but then it seemed to only get worse as he kept walking.

So he soon called for an Uber, asking to be taken back to the apartment.

As he sat in the back of the Uber, he tried hard to think about why he felt this way suddenly.

Everything he'd eaten seemed fine. Nothing else was really out of the ordinary. Perhaps it could be some sort of after effect from his heat? Usually he's pretty much fine afterwards, but since he was mated this time, maybe-

His eyes widened, suddenly remembering what Dream had said;

'You sure you want me to knot you, George? It might get you pregnant, you know.'

His heart immediately sped up in his chest, and suddenly the car felt way smaller and the air got way thinner than seconds prior.

There was no way-

That couldn't actually be a possibility-

He shut his eyes, refusing to even entertain the thought. It simply has to be something else.

He struggled to breathe slightly once he finally got to the elevators of their building. Pressing the very top floor button before putting his back to the wall. Shutting his eyes and trying to just breathe as the elevator carried him up.

Once the soft ding went off, signaling he'd reached his floor, George stepped out and went straight for the apartment.

He knew Dream wasn't back yet from the moment he walked through the door. Which made him ache, as he wanted nothing more than to have him there in that moment.

He'd probably reassure him somehow, pull some alpha magic on him and soothe every worry he's ever had.

But as he wasn't there, George went straight to his closet, over to his nest. Burying himself in all things Dream immediately.

As he did, he noticed an unfamiliar item in his nest.

It was a small, soft, stuffed cat toy. One he'd never seen before.

But as he brought it to his face, he found it did smell a lot like Dream.

Must be a gift from him.

Which then hit George with the realization that Dream knows about his nest.

Which was.. embarrassing, to say the least.

But, suppose he'd have to know about it at some point, now when they're mated.

He did wonder just how long he's known about it, though.

And come to think of it, he's never complained about any of his stuff going missing..

Maybe he's known about it for quite a while actually.

George tried not to think about it too much. Instead, he looked at the stuffed cat toy, running his fingers through it's soft coat.

The more he looked at it, the more he grew fond of the thing. It was so tiny and cute, and it was a

gift from his alpha.

Almost like a baby.

His heart did a small leap in his chest in that moment, his eyes widening as he found himself actually entertaining the thought of such a thing.

....but maybe it actually wouldn't be so bad after all.

Shaking that thought, he hugged the stuffed cat toy to his chest, exhaling softly as he sunk into the soft pile of things that smelled like his alpha.

And as he laid there, allowing his mind and body to be soothed by Dream's scent, he realized he didn't actually feel nauseous anymore. And that weird feeling in his gut was gone.

So maybe it wasn't anything, after all.

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End Notes

...Or is it ?

I felt like leaving this a bit open ended, also because I kept writing and writing and struggled to stop writing on this story so I'm leaving it at that lmao.

But I really love some of the concepts in this story personally and have been wanting to write a story with these sort of au's for a While, so it became quite long once I actually decided to write it.

And smutty.

Dear lord so smutty I'm so sorry LMAO

But this rly was a fun one to write and thanks sm for reading ! ^^<33 I hope you have a lovely day<3

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